

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



The winter sports season: skating at Arosa in Switzerland

J. Allan Cash

In this number:

The Revolution in Strategy—I (Sir John Slessor)

Television—Commercial Competition?
(Malcolm Muggeridge and Lady Violet Bonham Carter)

Rubens Sketches at Rotterdam (John Pope-Hennessy)



Fish-hooks

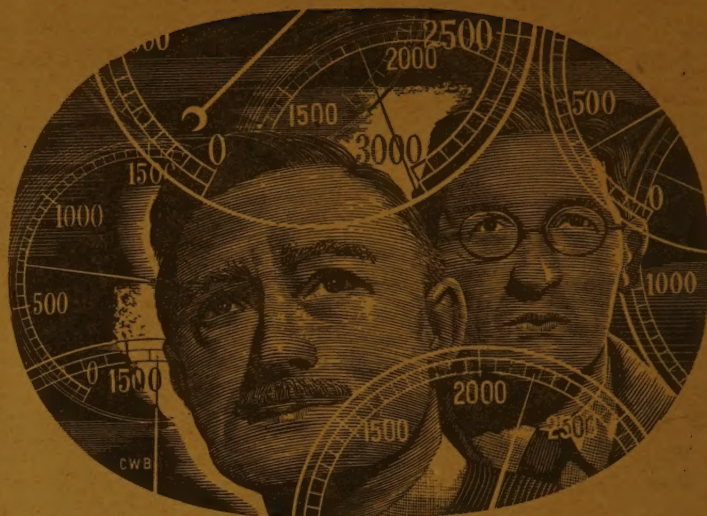
(AND FREIGHTERS)

Which earns more—a ton of steel for freighters or a ton of steel for fish-hooks? Fish-hooks, every time. All fish-hooks are made of steel. They are sold all over the world. And every ton sold to America earns 350,000 dollars.

Fish-hooks are made from high carbon, 5-gauge wire rod and are usually bench drawn. The highest proportion of this hand working is done in Sheffield. It can be as fine as .008"; and is seldom thicker than .166" diameter. Thus does steel service Britain's quality exports.

Note for anglers: A reassuring fact is that Izaak Walton was not only a Freeman of the Ironmongers' Company but gave his occupation on his marriage certificate as "ironmonger"

STEEL is at your service



Pressure Product

IN 1939 I.C.I. began the works-scale production of a new plastic that was to play a major role in defeating Hitler's air armada. The plastic was polythene, the white, tough, flexible material that provided the high-frequency insulation in almost every wartime radar set. Without polythene, the Allied land and sea radar systems could not have developed as they did—let alone airborne radar. No other material could supply the combination of insulating and mechanical properties that airborne radar needed. Polythene's discovery in 1933 was the result of research on the effect of extreme pressure on chemical reactions. It was pure research, inasmuch as it was aimed primarily at the acquisition of scientific knowledge. But it yielded polythene.

Making polythene in large quantities was a difficult task. Ethylene gas had to be heated at pressures similar to those produced in a 15-inch naval gun. Such pressures were greater than had ever been used in chemical plant before. The first experimental safety-valve blew the skylights out of the laboratory, while a gauge- or pipe-burst was not uncommon. But by September, 1939, the Research Team handed the world's first polythene plant over to the works in time to meet the wartime needs of radar. Today, this unusual plastic is doing its unique job as a high-frequency insulator in many branches of the growing electronics industries—in radio and television; in radar and electronic control equipment; and in undersea cables—but it has also been found ideal for many other uses, from cold-water tubing to packaging film—of which hundreds of miles are produced each week.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



The Listener

Vol. LI. No. 1302

Thursday February 11 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The Revolution in Strategy—I (Sir John Slessor) ...	243
France and the Ghost of Stavisky (W. F. Knapp) ...	245
Britain's Future Relations with Japan (Michael Curtis) ...	247
Television—Commercial Competition? (Malcolm Muggeridge and Lady Violet Bonham Carter) ...	251
Ten Weeks in Brazil—IV (Julian Duguid) ...	255

THE LISTENER:

Sombre Thoughts ...	248
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	248

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Cigarette Smoking and Cancer of the Lung (A Doctor) ...	249
Unchanged Monte Carlo (Giles Playfair) ...	249
Wildfowl in Hard Weather (H. R. Jukes) ...	250
There Are Still Cowboys (Ross Salmon) ...	250

ANTHROPOLOGY:

Early Man in Africa (Kenneth Oakley) ...	253
--	-----

RELIGION:

The Way to God Through Fellowship (Canon C. E. Raven) ...	256
---	-----

LITERATURE:

The Teller and the Told—II (Owen Holloway) ...	258
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	267

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	260
--	-----

PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (Harold Watkinson, M.P.) ...	262
--	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Edward Conze, Rev. Victor White, O.P., Dr. C. J. Wright, Lord Raglan, K. R. Hayward, Ulla Hausen, Herbert Byard, Jack Hum, W. G. Sanford, and E. G. Salkild ...	263
--	-----

GARDENING:

February in the Garden (P. J. Thrower) ...	265
--	-----

ART:

Rubens Sketches at Rotterdam (John Pope-Hennessy) ...	266
---	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	272
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	272
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	273
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	275
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	275

MUSIC:

How Monteverdi Wrote his 'Vespers' (Denis Arnold) ...	277
---	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	279
-----------------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	279
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,241 ...	279
-------------------------	-----

The Revolution in Strategy

The first of two talks by SIR JOHN SLESSOR

IN the first of these talks I am going to give some personal views on what I think has been the effect of the complete revolution in human affairs brought about by the coming of age of air power, in relation to what, after all, is really of over-riding importance to every one of us, whatever his or her profession or walk of life—namely, the issue of war and peace.

I say the 'coming of age' of air power. Aeroplanes have been flying for more than twenty-one years, but it seems to me convenient to think of air power 'coming of age' with the advent of the near-sonic and super-sonic aeroplane allied to the atomic, and soon the hydrogen, bomb. That obviously does not mean the peak of its development. The next major step forward will probably be the development of the un-manned aircraft, which is anyway within measurable distance. That will not mean the disappearance of all air crews from the air forces of the world; it will mean that the pilotless bomber and fighter—two-stage rocket, guided missile, call it what you will—will take the place of the Vulcans and Victors, Javelins and Hunters, just coming into the Service. That, no doubt, will raise all sorts of problems, but it will not make any fundamental difference in principle. We are already in the early stages of the process, in that both bombers and fighters—particularly fighters—are increasingly dependent on control from the ground: and it is only over-simplifying the argument a little to say that the ultimate development is merely to take the pilot out of the cockpit and replace him with an almost super-humanly ingenious gadget.

Again, I used the word revolution. For the first time in the hundreds

of thousands or millions of years that man has existed he can carry or propel through the air for thousands of miles, at a speed somewhere about that of sound (and ultimately much faster), a missile that by itself can destroy a city. It is silly to behave as though this revolution had never happened. Actually it has completely transformed the whole complexion and dimension of the problem of peace and war. All previous conceptions have become obsolete. Let me hasten to say that I am not here to tell you that we can now scrap the Navy and disband the Army and put all our money on a new model push-button Air Force. But if there were another major war it would not remotely resemble the last one. And I personally have not the least doubt that most of us will live to see the most sweeping changes in the other two Services as well as in the R.A.F., particularly in the Navy. At least, I hope so, because if we do not it will mean we are not keeping pace with the times, and that would be mortally dangerous. But there must be an Army and a Navy, anyway for as far ahead as we need bother to look.

I believe the first and most far-reaching consequence of this revolution is that total war as we have known it in the past forty years is a thing of the past. That may sound a pretty rash statement. But I believe it to be true. War is a matter of wills: nations or coalitions went to war to impose their *will* on an opponent. You started off by trying to do it by persuasion, that is, by diplomacy, and if that was no good you tried to do it by force. At a given moment—the 'declaration' of war—you turned over from an interchange of notes between men in top hats to an interchange of bullets between men in tin hats.

The next rather obvious thing I must say is that you did not take the initiative in forcing a war unless you thought you could win it. And (this is the important point) we now know to our cost that winning a war does not mean just forcing an enemy to lay down his arms and accept your terms: it means creating world conditions more favourable to oneself than could have been brought about if there had not been a war. Today there is not the remotest chance of anyone winning a war on that definition. A world war in this day and age would be general suicide and the end of civilisation as we know it.

If There Were Another Shooting War . . .

I know that people have said that before. Today, for the first time in history, I believe it is true; and the reason for that is that if there were another world shooting war, the atom and the hydrogen bomb would be used, beyond any shadow of doubt. It is a most dangerous delusion to compare these weapons of mass destruction, as some people do, with gas, and say that they will not be used next time just as gas was not used last time. There is no analogy whatever. There was an antidote to the earlier gases—apart from the Geneva protocol and all that sort of thing, we actually did not think they would be as effective as high explosives and incendiaries. By the time the Germans developed a new gas they had lost control of the air over their own country and it would obviously have been crazy of them to use it. Besides, gas would not have the instantly cataclysmic effect of these terrible new weapons. No, I believe the atom and the hydrogen bombs have come to stay—anyway until the world political climate is such as to make any sort of weapon unnecessary. At least, I hope so, because I believe it is these things that have made total war an obsolete conception. So I do not think it is a good idea to take the atom bomb out of the hands of the soldiers (or rather the airmen), as has been suggested, leaving in the hands of the soldiers conventional weapons which have ravaged the world in the two great wars of our time. That would surely be a tremendous advantage to the side with vast masses of docile, disciplined, expendable man-power; which no doubt is why the Kremlin bangs the drum of atomic disarmament on every conceivable occasion.

Obviously a relevant point here is whether there is any defence against these things. We all know the old *cliché* to the effect that every weapon of offence sooner or later finds its defensive antidote. That may still be true. Personally, I do not think it is. Even against the piloted bomber, defence is a terrific problem. It is no longer the old question of imposing an attrition rate of five or ten per cent. casualties on a succession of raids until the enemy cannot stand it any longer, as it was last time. These modern weapons are so appallingly devastating that we cannot allow even relatively few of them to get through: and those few would be sent over among massed raids of aircraft carrying the conventional types of bomb. That means we have to achieve virtually a hundred per cent. kill-rate on each raid. We are still a very long way indeed from anything of the kind. I advise you not to be unduly impressed by the stories about the wonderful guided missile that is going to shoot down all these super-sonic bombers. It will come in time, but at present it is not nearly as easy as that.

The Unmanned Bomber

Then, the piloted bomber as we know it today no doubt is with us for some time to come. But it will not be so long, as history is measured, before it gives way to the unmanned bomber, the future version of V2, the really long-range ground-to-ground guided missile arriving at, say, three or four times the speed of sound. One hesitates in these days to say that anything is impossible. I suppose it is not inconceivable that we might be able to divert, or prematurely explode, even the V2 of the future with its atomic war-head. But, as far as I know, no one has the least idea how to set about it.

It is not merely a question of finding the scientific or technological solutions of these problems. There is then the problem of providing all these new scientific defences on a scale to cover the free world—and, incidentally, the shipping that links the free world—against this entirely flexible attack that can strike here today and there tomorrow. The Americans have recently had a number of committees to study the problem of the air defence of the continental United States. One of the reports estimated the cost at about \$16 billion. Add to that the cost of defending other allied countries, and call the total, for the sake of argument, £9,000,000,000 sterling: is it really a practical economic proposition for Nato to spend that amount on defence against air attack? And then someone in a research laboratory

thinks up a new form of attack and the whole thing is obsolete.

I believe that anything like over-all air defence against the present, and still more the near-future, threat is not a practical proposition; and that applies to Russia, with their vast area to be covered, just as it does to us. What is more, I cannot feel unduly depressed about that. If, by some miracle, we were to find some effective and practicable form of defence, it would only be a matter of time before Russia did the same; and then, in effect, air power is cancelled out on either side, and I should indeed regard the third world war as being on the tapis again, with the free world having to match Russia man for man, tank for tank, escort for U-boat, and so on. That would be a very gloomy prospect indeed, more especially if China, with her almost limitless man-power, were allied with Russia.

So, briefly, that is why I think that a revolution has occurred, and that the era of total war is over—as long as we do not take leave of our senses and agree to atomic disarmament. If that is accepted, it seems to me that the problem of the make and shape of our armed strength automatically assumes its proper proportions. As I have said, no one in his right mind suggests that we can afford to wash out the Army and Navy and concentrate entirely on air power. People who try to carry things to their ultimate logical conclusions often end up in madhouses. I do not see how we could possibly reduce the strength of our regular Army, anyway in the near future: it is not big enough for its commitments even now. And, until we can be certain that major war is a thing of the past, we must have a Navy to deal with the terrible threat of the mine and the submarine. Again, unhappily for the taxpayer, we cannot ignore air defence. Fighter Command, no doubt, will look different in the foreseeable future, with the pilotless interceptor, the really long-range ground-to-air controlled missile, taking the place of the manned fighter. But a measure of defence is part of the deterrent. And we must not overlook the possibility of new forms of attack, such as sabotage with chemical or bacteriological agents, or the 'Trojan Horse' form of atomic attack on our ports.

First Things First

All this is a question of priorities, of putting first things first. One thing is certain: if we try to be strong everywhere, we shall be strong enough nowhere. And I do not see how any thinking person can escape the conclusion that the top priority must go to the air striking force. We and the United States together must maintain, as the first charge on our military resources, that force which is the great deterrent—the real preventive of war. If it is going to do that, it must at the same time be able and ready to bring instantaneously overwhelming pressure to bear on aggression at its source. I do not mean merely against airfields or launching sites—still less only against troops in battle—but against the real source of aggression, the heart of the aggressor country. That is where the battlefield must be if there must be a battlefield.

May I put in a word of warning here against the superficial attractions of what I call the 'Leave it to America' theory: the idea that we must have home defence fighters, and aircraft to co-operate with the Army and Navy, but that we cannot afford these expensive bombers—and why should we?—the Americans have got a splendid bomber force; let us leave it to them to do that part of the business. It is a superficially beguiling idea, especially when we are filling in our income tax returns. I assure you that it would be absolutely fatal, for two reasons. First, we have in this country a gold mine of knowledge and skill in this bomber trade—in technique, design, and invention, and in aptitude and battle experience, which we must contribute to the common cause. Second—and more important—Sir Winston Churchill has said 'Air mastery is today the supreme expression of military power'. The bomber is the primary agent of air mastery. And, if we want to remain a first-class power, we cannot possibly leave to an ally, however staunch and loyal, the monopoly of this instrument of such decisive importance in these massive issues of war and peace.

But I do not want to get involved in detail, and will sum up my general theme by suggesting that the same sort of considerations may have been in the Prime Minister's mind in the House of Commons on November 3 last year, when he said:

I have sometimes the odd thought that the annihilating character of these agencies may bring an utterly unforeseeable security to mankind. . . . It may be that when the advance of destructive weapons enables everyone to kill everybody else, no one will want to kill anyone at all. . . . A war which begins by both sides suffering what they dread most, and that is undoubtedly the case now, is less likely to occur than one which dangles the lurid prizes of former days before ambitious eyes.

—Third Programme

France and the Ghost of Stavisky

By W. F. KNAPP

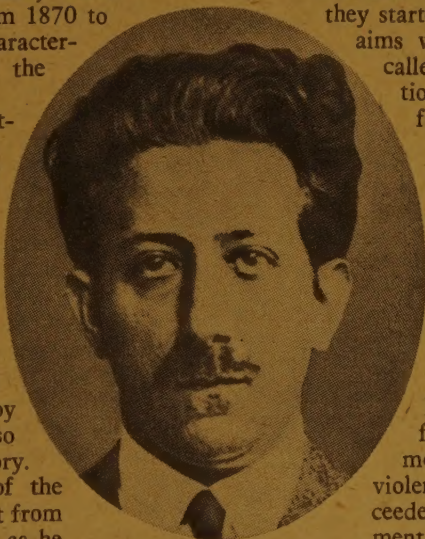
A FEW years ago there was displayed in all the *Métro* stations in Paris an advertisement for a brand of house paint. This poster showed four ladies, in traditional republican dress, in procession; and they were numbered one to four. Appearing at the right was a child, similarly dressed, numbered five. The accompanying slogan said: 'The republics pass, our paints remain'. No one alive today remembers the second French Republic, which expired in 1851. But the Third Republic lasted from 1870 to 1940, and most people agree that many of its characteristics, like the house paint, remain unchanged in the present-day Fourth Republic.

French people, and the press, have been commenting frequently on this continuity of French political habits; for one thing, they are fond of anniversary dates and their attention has been focused on the past by the twentieth anniversary of the Stavisky riots. Many people may recall these riots. They arose from the most notorious scandal of a regime renowned for such affairs. But the scandal was far less remarkable for itself than for the violence which accompanied it, and the political developments which followed. For the riots of February 6 may be regarded as the last unsuccessful attempt by the right against the Third Republic and they also form one of the major turning points in its history.

Serge Alexandre Stavisky, the central figure of the scandal, was the son of a hard-working Jewish dentist from Kiev, who wanted him to be a doctor. But as soon as he left school Serge took to living on his wits and his charm, until in 1926 he was arrested, at the age of forty, for swindling. A few months later, however, he was provisionally released, without ever being brought to trial, and he managed to retain this provisional liberty for seven years. More than that, he took full advantage of it to organise bigger and better swindles. At last he overreached himself, in an enormous issue of bogus bonds in the municipal pawnshop of Bayonne. The swindle was discovered, and warrants issued for his arrest. This was in the last few days of 1933, and when the story came out it was at once seized on by the press, especially those papers anxious to attack the republican regime. The public, for their part, inevitably concluded that Stavisky could not have remained at liberty for so long without the connivance of ministers and deputies, as well as of the police and the judiciary. To add to the scandal, Stavisky committed suicide when he was caught, in such circumstances that many people thought the police had shot him to keep him quiet.

The explosion of the affair thus produced a widespread feeling of revulsion throughout the country; the more so when the Government of M. Chautemps collapsed before the blast. But the riots were not a spontaneous uprising of the Parisian people. They were organised by various 'Leagues', whose members in-

cluded ex-service men of the 1914-18 war, as well as younger people drawn from the well-to-do bourgeoisie. Some of them were avowedly royalist; all were right-wing or even semi-fascist, except for one communist ex-service men's association. Their purpose was to bring pressure to bear on governments by unconstitutional means. And they tried to throw parliamentary government into disrepute so as to open the way to a more authoritarian regime, or a restored monarchy. When they started to demonstrate on the evening of February 6 their aims were hardly more sharply defined than this. They called it the long-awaited day of the National Revolution; but they in fact only borrowed their objective from the 150-year-old tradition of the left—the invasion of the Chamber.



Serge Alexandre Stavisky—

The demonstrators began to collect in the Place de la Concorde about five o'clock in the evening. The police immediately made sure of a bridgehead on the south side of the square, near the Seine, in order to defend the bridge which leads from the Concorde to the National Assembly. They succeeded in holding this line throughout the battle, and thus saved the Chamber from invasion; but they had to fire into and over the crowd to do so. Not that the deputies whom they were protecting formed a very orderly or dignified body at this moment. On the contrary, their turbulence matched the violence in the square across the river. Daladier had succeeded Chautemps as Prime Minister, and his Government was meeting the Chamber for the first time. But he had already made enemies of the right-wing members by his dismissal of the Paris Prefect of Police, M. Chiappe; and they were ready to attack him by every means of heckling, laughter, and abuse. Several times the sitting had to be suspended, and presently firing was heard from the bridge, to add to the panic and disorder. But at nine o'clock the Government was given a vote of confidence by a large majority, and the deputies were free to disperse as best they could through the back door.

On the bridge the police and guards maintained their defence against the rioters, and finally succeeded in clearing the square in a series of determined charges; but by that time fifteen people had been killed, including one guard, and over 1,300 injured. The Chamber of Deputies and the Republic had been saved but not the Government. For the next day it resigned, and thus bowed to the wishes not of the Chamber to which it was responsible but of the rioters in the street.

Today such an attempt from the right is hardly possible. The ideal of the national revolution has been discredited by its connection with nazism and Vichy. It is likely to be revived only as a counter-attack to a revolution from the left. This is the reverse of the situation in 1934. Then, the Communist Party enjoyed only a quarter of its present electoral strength; and it had yet to gain



—and a scene in the Place de la Concorde during the Stavisky riots of February, 1934

control of the trade unions. But it was ready to take advantage of the attack from the right for its own ends. The fascists were its enemies, but it did not immediately rally to the defence of the Republic. A communist ex-servicemen's organisation participated in the riots, while in the Chamber the handful of Communists embarrassed the Government further by their cries of *Les Soviets partout*. Their policy was, in fact, still that of the German Communists the year before, who had hoped that the Nazi revolution would prepare the way for their own overthrow of bourgeois capitalism.

Reorientation of Communist Policy

Soon after this their policy changed completely. It did so in obedience to the changed direction of the Soviet Government and the Comintern. For five years after that, Russia tried to organise collective security against Germany, and communists in every country to ally with any other party which was anti-fascist. But in France the Stavisky riots had a vital bearing on this reorientation of communist policy. For they broke down the hostility of the socialists and the radicals towards the communists, in the face of the common danger from the right; and they dispelled the suspicions which Radicals and Socialists had for each other. And so when the Communists became the supporters of democracy the way was open to the formation of a Popular Front of all the left-wing parties in defence of the Republic. It was this movement, originating in February 6, which made Léon Blum the first Socialist Prime Minister of France, with the collaboration of the Radicals and the support of the Communists.

Of course, the unity of the Popular Front did not last long. The Blum Government resigned after a year of unprecedented social, economic, and international crises; its successors were each less popular and less united. I believe that this was partly because what united the parties of the Popular Front was the revival of a *mystique*—that idealisation of political beliefs for whose very name we have to go to France. This was the *mystique* of the Republic; not indeed the corrupt republic which Stavisky found so congenial, but that legendary republic, whose citizens were welded together in their love of liberty and devotion to '*la patrie*' and its laws. But in 1936 it proved impossible to translate the *mystique* into practical politics, as had happened once before after the Dreyfus case, as was to happen yet again when the idealism of the Resistance was broken up by the problems of post-war France.

The opposing *mystique* had much in common with that which the Nazis brought to France in 1940. It had the same emphasis on authority and hierarchy, the same racialism and anti-semitism. The fact that Stavisky *père* also had killed himself rather than face the shame of his son's arrest in 1926 did not prevent the right from generalising about the infamy of all Jews and people of foreign extraction. But not all the demonstrators of February 6 were fascists or potential storm-troopers. Far from it. The ex-servicemen who took part could not but draw a bitter comparison between the ideal for which they had spent four years in the trenches, and the reality of 1934. Across the Rhine, the Nazis had come to power on a massive resurgence of German nationalism, and inevitably they asked: 'Shall we have to go through all that again; and to defend the Staviskys and their protectors?' At home, succeeding governments had cut expenses and civil service pay because of the great slump; but the Stavisky scandal seemed to show that these same governments, and the deputies, were feathering their own nests by protecting a swindler, whose activities were a threat to the small man's savings.

Over the gap of twenty years there is a striking similarity in the problems facing the Government of France, especially in the eyes of French people. In foreign policy, France appeared in 1934 to have borne the whole weight of maintaining the European security system against a resurgent Germany, while her policies were misinterpreted abroad as being aimed at hegemony on the continent. The United States and Britain are at least as active as France in the cold war against communism. But in south-east Asia the major burden of defence once again falls on the French, in Indo-China, where the Fourth Republic has, after all, been at war since the second year of its existence. And again, the motives of the war come under suspicion abroad, where it is regarded as a colonial campaign as well as a war against communism. But the campaign in Indo-China is a continuous drain on French strength in Europe. There, France is faced with the rivalry of western Germany, whose resources and industry will inevitably give the country a position of dominance in western Europe, however restrained the nationalism of its people. In meeting this prob-

lem French statesmen have shown themselves far more imaginative than their predecessors of the 'twenties. But now, as then, many French people still look across the Channel for those guarantees of their security which would provide a sufficient counterbalance to their powerful neighbour.

Nor are the economic and financial problems of the Fourth Republic any less urgent than those of the Third. Ever since the first world war, France has lagged behind the other western countries in industrial development; while the cost of reconstruction after two wars has disrupted the whole system of national finance. With the exception of a few years at the end of the 'twenties, therefore, the main preoccupation of the French Government has been with the Budget, with the cost of living, and with the stability of the franc.

In view of the similarity of the problems, it is natural to ask whether the institutions of the Republic are better adapted to solve them than they were twenty years ago. There has been no fundamental change in the multiplicity of French parties, which is itself the product of political divisions more numerous and more permanent than in England. Yet this is a greater obstacle in the solution of financial and economic difficulties than in anything else. The narrower basis of French parties makes them more intransigent in the defence of sectional interests; their greater number makes majority government impossible. The old issues, which date from the foundation of the Third Republic, have not been removed; and new issues—economic and social and fiscal—have created further divisions which do not correspond to the old. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that a different majority is formed on almost every question: the Socialists agree with the M.R.P. on social questions, but not religious; and M.R.P. allies with the Gaullists on church schools, but not on the European army, and so on.

In that less spectacular part of government, the Civil Service and the administration, there has perhaps been greater change. A cooler examination of the Stavisky affair than was usual in 1934 shows that inefficiency, negligence, and division of responsibility were as important as actual corruption in prolonging Stavisky's liberty. After the war, the whole structure of the state had to be remade, and it was partly the experience of the 'thirties which produced an important series of reforms in the recruitment and in the organisation of the Civil Service. The effect of such reforms can be observed only over a period, but they are already fulfilling some of the hopes of the reformers.

However, the efficiency of a Civil Service never attracts attention. The reforms of 1946 therefore go unobserved beside the survival of graft from the administration of the Third Republic to that of the Fourth. An administration free from corruption is a rarer phenomenon than we often suppose. In this country it is probably the result of something absent from France, the adaptation of Protestant and Non-conformist ideals first to industry, and then, on the same pattern, to government. However that may be, the scandals continue to occur; in 1946 a former Prime Minister was accused of graft in the distribution of wine; more recently, charges of illegal currency dealings have been brought against officials in Indo-China.

Differences Emphasise Similarities

There are a great many differences between the two periods to set against this continuity in French politics and government. One can argue that the revolutionary changes in the world situation far outweigh these apparent similarities in France's political problems. But for many people these differences only emphasise the similarities. In spite of all that has changed, French governments seem to retain their instability and their ineffectiveness before the permanent problems of defence and economic disorder. In consequence, the comparison is so often drawn between then and now, that it has itself become part of the contemporary political scene. The course of history is determined far less by the facts than by what people believe the facts to be; and perhaps the most important influence in French politics today is the universal belief that the more things change, the more they are the same. Such a belief dies especially hard in France. If I had made this broadcast there, it would have been called 'The Sixth of February'. This date is like May 16, September 4, July 14, all of which immediately convey to any Frenchman a major victory or defeat in the struggle for republican government.

But the dates do more than that. They keep alive outworn political conflicts, in precisely the same terms as those in which they have been fought since 1789. Historical traditions weigh more heavily in French politics than in those of any other country—and this is true on the left as much as on the right. They perpetuate divisions between parties, they distort the problems of the present, and they obscure those of the future.

But today the belief that the past is like the present takes a more insidious form. It is no longer the conflicts or the problems which seem most permanent, but their insolubility; no longer the ideal of the Republic which seems unchanging, but its ineffectiveness. I do not think that this is really the case, and we have heard much recently of a

new start in French politics. But I shall be convinced that such a renaissance is taking place when Frenchmen forget their dates; and when they compare the Fourth Republic to the Third only because they believe that the new can be different from the old.

—*Third Programme*

Britain's Future Relations with Japan

By MICHAEL CURTIS

MR. YOSHIDA, the Prime Minister of Japan, has accepted an invitation by Her Majesty's Government to pay a visit to London in the near future. Since the war, Japanese affairs have made hardly any impact on the British people. Our newspapers provide only the sketchiest information about what goes on. Yet the future of Japan is certainly as important to British interests in the Far East as the future of Germany is to our role in Europe.

'America's Affair'

One reason for the lack of interest over here has been our tacit acknowledgment that Japan is 'America's affair'. The rule of General MacArthur during the post-war occupation, the use of Japan as the principal base for the conduct of the Korean war, the fact that America regards her alliance with Japan as the linchpin of her Asian policy—all these considerations have tended to diminish British interest and influence. What we sometimes forget is that at least two powerful members of the Commonwealth, Australia and New Zealand, are close enough to Japan to feel extremely concerned about its future. They would never have accepted the peace treaty which was signed two years ago unless America had simultaneously promised to guarantee them against any possibility of renewed Japanese aggression. Australia, especially, is acutely conscious of the menace of Japan's teeming population (85,000,000, increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year, crammed into islands which are scarcely larger than the British Isles). How long can Australia preserve that vast, almost uninhabited hinterland of hers against this enormous human reservoir?

That is an old question, but it was not answered by the atom bombs which fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Complete, abject, military surrender was no solution. The real problem of Japan has been largely concealed from the world because of the immense sums of money which have been poured into the country by the Americans, in one form or another, ever since the war. With the war in Korea temporarily suspended, America is becoming increasingly reluctant to maintain this economic dole which has amounted to as much as 700,000,000 dollars a year. And who can blame her? This, I believe, is where our own foreign policy must soon be put to the test. Are we going to try to build still more massively against the Japanese reservoir? Can we? Or is there any way in which we can help to direct this rather terrifying stream of humanity into safer and more constructive channels?

I was born in Cambridge, and the part of this country that I know best is East Anglia. And perhaps it is the eastern counties that the memory of Japanese brutality to English prisoners of war has burnt itself most deeply. It was from East Anglia that many of the men who were trapped in Singapore came. There are few families in this part of England today whose sons have not gained a first-hand knowledge of the terrifying inhumanity of the soldiers of the Land of the Rising Sun. I admit frankly that there appears to be something appallingly cynical, an almost indecent haste, about the way in which events are leading us towards a reconciliation with those who were so recently our bitter enemies. For that, I am sure, is what the visit of Mr. Yoshida portends.

Having said that much I am prepared to state my belief that the re-establishment of friendly relations with Japan should be one of the prime objectives of our foreign policy. And though I certainly shall not be throwing rose petals in Mr. Yoshida's path when he arrives in London, I think it is an excellent thing that he is coming. Let us make no mistake about it: Japan is potentially as grave a menace to the peace of the world as Germany. The democracy which General MacArthur grafted on to Japan's almost feudal society is a hot-house growth that

could easily wither under the cold winds of adversity. Already, since the peace treaty was signed and Japan became a sovereign power, there have been certain ominous signs of a retreat. The Japanese parliament shows signs of breaking up into a mass of small, conflicting pressure groups—a sure symptom of weakness—and outside parliament the economic power of the giant industrial combines, including the notorious Mitsubishi cartel, has been largely restored. Against this we do have to thank MacArthur for pushing through land reforms which struck at the roots of the power of the old feudal landlords. The Americans can also claim progress in education. This has encouraged at least a questioning attitude of mind among the mass of ordinary people—which is something new. The Japanese trade union movement, too, is more firmly established than it has ever been before—though here again the pressure of population and resulting unemployment makes one wonder how long its influence can be sustained.

Japan will have to find some solution to her economic distress at home if she is not to turn, as she did between the wars, at the time of Manchuria, away from even the forms of democracy and into the paths of military adventure. We all know what that led to. Today, with all her old markets in China denied to her, we must recognise that Japan is bound to be faced, sooner or later, with another economic crisis. Some people fear she will go communist. Others, more logically I think, see a return of the military caste and a dictatorship of the right. Either would spell trouble.

In these circumstances, it would be incredibly short-sighted for this country to go on behaving as if it were none of our business. We made that mistake in 1931. Our most important task, it seems to me, is to help Japan to make use of her highly skilled industrial population by harnessing it to the economic development of south-east Asia. Millions of pounds are being spent to raise living standards in this poverty-stricken corner of the globe. It is clearly wrong that the most advanced country in Asia is playing little or no part in this vital task. There has been talk, for instance, of inviting Japan to share in the work of the Colombo Plan. Why not?

Advice from Confucius

Does it not all come back to the question of how we should treat those who have been our enemies? It is not simply a matter of holding out the hand of friendship and forgiveness. I rather doubt whether we can safely apply the morality of personal conduct to international affairs. But perhaps Confucius came closest to the answer when he said that whereas we should recompense kindness with kindness we must recompense injury with justice. Any political settlement which leaves behind it a sense of injustice sows the seeds of fresh resentments and therefore fresh injuries. The attitude of the free world to Japan today, and to Germany, is not simply to forgive and forget. Surely what has to be done is to find a solution to the problems of these defeated countries which guards against the mistakes of the past and at the same time provides constructive outlets for the future. Any other course—a policy of pure opportunism or of simple repression and revenge—only lays up a fresh store of trouble for the future.—*Home Service*

To celebrate the Queen's visit to Australia, the February number of *The Geographical Magazine* contains an article by Alan Moorehead entitled 'Australian Landscape' which is illustrated in colour. Alec G. Dickson writes about 'Man o' War Bay' near Victoria in the Cameroons, illustrated by his own photographs, and there is an article called 'Film Portrait of an Italian' by Dr. Mario Verdone, a leading Italian film critic.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Sombre Thoughts

WHEN men and women walked the streets of London in the summer of 1939 the more imaginative, or the more pessimistic, of them thought that the British capital would never look the same again and that the civilisation to which they had belonged would be destroyed for ever by the coming war. Then came the anti-climax. For months not a single bomb fell on London and in spite of the damage done by bombing during the Battle of Britain large tracts of industrial Britain were left unscathed. Even in Greater London it was not until 1944 in the days of the V1s and V2s that surviving Cockneys became really aware of the helpless gamble of life under the bombardment of novel and indiscriminate weapons of war. Today London has been largely rebuilt, many of its scars removed. Nearly ten years after D-day it can at least be said that European civilisation and culture still exist and indeed flourish. The world may be divided into two camps, but statesmen on each side meet at the conference table and invite one another to dinner, and to many of those who went through the war in the spring or summer of their lives it begins to seem no more than an evil dream.

And yet one must hear, if one does not close one's ears, the voices of doom. In the first of two broadcast talks, which we publish this week, Sir John Slessor, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, speaks in sombre tones of the prospect before us. He would no doubt say that he was merely giving us a realistic summing up of the position as an impartial military expert. What has he to tell us? 'For the first time in the hundreds of thousands or millions of years that man has existed, he can carry or propel through the air for thousands of miles at a speed somewhere about that of sound (and ultimately much faster) a missile that by itself can destroy a city'. Therefore 'a world war in this day and age would be general suicide and the end of civilisation as we know it'. He brushes aside, almost brusquely, the wishful thinking that affords any kind of comfort. For example, he does not believe that the new weapons are likely to be laid aside. 'If there were another world shooting war, the atom and the hydrogen bomb would be used', he says, 'beyond any shadow of doubt'. And again: 'The atom and the hydrogen bombs have come to stay'. Nor does he believe that these weapons can be neutralised: 'I believe that anything like over-all air defence against the present and still more the near-future threat does not exist'. Moreover we ought to avoid consoling ourselves with the reflection that we have nothing further to face than the new bombs: 'We must not', he adds, 'overlook the possibility of new forms of attack, such as sabotage with chemical or bacteriological agents, or the "Trojan horse" form of atomic attack on our ports'. After listening to Sir John, the cynic might reflect that the present argument over whether the infantry should carry a Belgian or a British rifle pales into irrelevance.

However, for the present, life goes on. Men and women concern themselves over whether they can obtain higher wages, if taxes can be reduced, what is happening to the cost of living index, and what form of television entertainment they may enjoy. Some no doubt cling to the hope that, as in 1939, the future cannot be as dreadful as it is painted, or they just prefer to be ostriches in the sand. But whatever the ordinary citizen should or should not think, can or cannot do, one thing at least is certain: that never in the history of mankind has so high a premium been placed upon the gift of statesmanship. We ought not to laugh at our politicians, but to pray for them.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Molotov's proposals

THE EDEN PLAN for free German elections has been castigated by commentators in Soviet controlled Europe, while Molotov's counter-proposals have been greeted with unanimous commendation. Their attitude was typified by this statement put out on Moscow radio:

Eden's plan was no news for the international observers who arrived in Berlin to attend the conference. It is well known that for some years the American propaganda machine, by means of a hullabaloo concerning the Western Powers' plan for free all-German elections, attempted to distract attention from the Soviet Union's proposals for a peaceful solution of the German problem. Now this plan has appeared on the table of an international conference. It is also no secret that it has been tabled with the same old aim—to obstruct a solution of the German problem in its very essence.

After defining this 'essence' as the creation of a 'democratic, united, peace-loving, and independent Germany which would never disturb peace in Europe', the speaker went on to say:

There have been recent examples of the so-called 'free democratic elections'—the elections to the Lower House of the Bonn Parliament in September last. These elections considerably strengthened the militaristic elements in the west German parliament, and were held to the accompaniment of the fierce persecution of democratic elements. Falsification and forgeries took place. Yet these elections are considered by the Western Powers as an example of how free elections should be conducted.

Another Moscow commentator had this to say: the Eden plan

coincided to the last comma with the report on the subject worked out in Paris at the 'separatist' conference of experts of the Western Powers with the active participation of Adenauer's delegates. This programme was worked out to conform fully with the demands of those forces in western Germany which would like to extend their rule to the whole of Germany and to arm and attach Germany to the aggressive Atlantic bloc. It leaves out the task of ensuring European security.

Moreover,

the plan of the Western Powers permits the maintenance of United States bases on German territory for an unspecified period, as allowed for in the Bonn and Paris agreements which Eden is now proposing to extend to the whole of Germany.

These and other commentators insisted that Molotov's proposals amounted to a practical step, not only towards the unification of Germany, but also towards peaceful European collaboration. Berlin radio declared that the Soviet Foreign Minister had made it clear that what Europe needed above all was

friendly coexistence between the U.S.S.R., France, and a sovereign Germany. This would mean the isolation of foreign warmongers, for it would put an end to the constant intervention of aggressive American forces in Europe; it would mean the isolation of those circles within Germany which, in complete disregard of the people, are obsessed with the strange ambition of risking yet a third world war and an even more annihilating beating than they had before.

In France, the communist paper *L'Humanité* declared that the Soviet proposal for the evacuation of all troops from Germany as a prelude to any elections showed that the Soviet people trusted the German people, and invalidated the western contention that the east German republic was being kept in being with Soviet bayonets. On the other hand, the Swedish Liberal paper *Stockholms Tidningen* had this comment to make on Molotov's proposals:

The choice has been stated by the Soviet Foreign Minister with admirable clarity—either a Defence Community or a reunited Germany: you cannot have both. What is strange, however, is that his statement should surprise the Western Powers.

Arising out of the political conference at Berlin, the desirability of an expansion of east-west trade has been the subject of considerable comment on Soviet and satellite radios. A Berlin speaker stressed the point that the west Germans have not yet realised that Molotov's proposals to extend this trade applied also to west Germany. West German businessmen, the commentator alleged, watched with dismay as their English, French, Belgian, and other competitors gathered in Moscow to establish or reinforce economic contacts. Why should they 'head for bankruptcy for the sake of an embargo policy which is itself bankrupt'? Such were the sentiments of millions of trade unionists, the speaker averred.

Did You Hear That?

CIGARETTE SMOKING AND CANCER OF THE LUNG

'THE SUSPICION—and it is as yet only a suspicion, though a growing one—that smoking has something to do with cancer of the lung rests on several kinds of evidence', said A DOCTOR in 'Good Health', in the Home Service.

'First, though death rates from most kinds of cancer have fallen in the past twenty years or so, deaths from cancer of the lung have apparently increased, and increased quite alarmingly, particularly in men, in the same period. I say apparently because some of the reported increase may be due to better diagnosis—some of it, but in most people's opinion there has been a considerable real increase.

'This increase is said to have coincided with and roughly paralleled an increased consumption of cigarettes which, of course, proves nothing in itself. The increase has probably also coincided with an increased use of refrigerators and consumption of ice cream. A further step in the argument is that in Iceland, where there has until recently been little cigarette smoking, the same increase in cancer of the lung has not occurred.

'A year or two ago some workers in America and in this country started enquiring into the smoking habits of a large number of people suffering from cancer of the lung, and a large number of other people as nearly as possible exactly similar in every respect except that they were suffering from something else. Both the American and the English workers found the same thing. They found that a history of heavy smoking—twenty or more cigarettes a day over twenty years—was much commoner in the group suffering from cancer of the lung than in the group suffering from other illnesses. This, again, does not prove the point. It does not prove that heavy cigarette smoking is the cause, or even a cause, of cancer of the lung, but it increases the suspicion that it has something to do with it, and suggests rather strongly that if you go on smoking, say, twenty cigarettes or more a day for twenty years or so, you do increase your chances of dying of this disease.

'Well, now, many of us, and I include doctors in this, many of us who were or are heavy cigarette smokers—and I ought to say that cigarettes are much more under suspicion than pipes or cigars—found all this very distasteful, and we did our best to ignore it, to pick holes in the argument, to laugh it off, and so on. One argument was that no one had been able to demonstrate a cancer-producing or carcino-genic substance in cigarettes or cigarette smoke, but it is now reported from America that this has been done. It appears that the tar resulting from burning cigarette tobacco, painted for a long time on to the skin of mice does produce skin cancers in some of them, though no cancers appeared in a control group of mice painted only with the acetone in which the tar was dissolved.

'That is the position. There is a strong suspicion that heavy cigarette smoking over a long period does increase your chances of getting this illness. It does not, of course, mean that anyone necessarily will get it—do not have sleepless nights thinking because you have smoked a few or even a great number of cigarettes in your time, you are bound to get this illness, because that certainly is not true.

'What are you to do about it all? I know of doctors who insist that everyone should give up smoking immediately. Personally, I think that is going rather far. On the other hand, I think heavy cigarette smokers might give the matter some thought. For myself, I told you I found

this idea very distasteful, because I had been a pretty heavy cigarette smoker for many years. For some time I ignored the whole business, but a few months ago I decided not to give up smoking but to smoke a pipe instead of cigarettes. Curiously, I hardly miss them. I smoke less, I think I cough much less, and I think on the whole I feel better without them'.

UNCHANGED MONTE CARLO

'I had been wondering', said GILES PLAYFAIR in a Home Service talk, 'whether any of the famous continental resorts could possibly be as gay as they had been reputed to be before the war, and when I set out to go there I expected to find it especially true of Monaco—that tiny, pampered principality in the south of France, which was once called the jewel of the Côte d'Azur, and which is better known as Monte Carlo.

'I knew that Monaco, in spite of its nominally independent status, had not been able to stay neutral during the war. And I believed that, as a result of the war, Monaco, and everything that Monaco had once stood for, must have become a complete anachronism. Here was a place that had been fashioned during the latter half of the last century for a rich, mighty, and leisured class which the first world war had staggered and this second world war had virtually knocked out of existence. Here was an elaborate, orchid-like flower of a period in European civilisation gone beyond recall. Some people might agree with M. Jean Cocteau that Monaco, with its gleaming stucco complicated as a wedding cake and its gardens lavish as an



Monte Carlo: the casino seen from the harbour

Edwardian ball-dress, had represented the architectural style of a happy epoch. Others, with a different view of such things, might consider that it had been a decadent and overblown place. But everyone, so it seemed to me, would agree that it had symbolised an opulence and security that had no place in the post-war world.

'So I expected to find Monaco at best a sort of historic monument in a fair state of preservation, and at worst a piece of worn-out, sadly tattered finery. And I must say as I drove through some of the other fashionably famous places of the Côte d'Azur on my way there, I became increasingly prepared for the worst. Though I had never seen any of these places before the war, it was impossible to believe that they were now what they had been then; I sensed a kind of general dilapidation about them—spiritual as well as material. If they were the setting for the jewel, then it was plain to me that the setting had become dulled and tarnished; and I saw no reason why the jewel itself should be any brighter.

'But it was; it is. There are, of course, no formalities to be observed as you cross into the Principality, and with a French driver at the wheel of a taxi-cab you are quite likely to miss seeing the frontier post, as I did. But the sudden overwhelming cleanliness and smartness and sparkle of everything around was enough to assure me that I was out of France and into some other, different country. There was the harbour, as neat and toylike as any of the pictures I had ever seen of it—a setting that might just have been completed for some prodigiously spectacular musical comedy—with its two little towers that flank the entrance winking red and green. And there was Monte Carlo itself, glistening with new paint as it rose, tier after tier of late-Victorian baroque, to its

backdrop of bare, grey mountain side. This, to judge from appearances, was the same place that one's father or grandfather might have told one about'.

WILDFOWL IN HARD WEATHER

'This hard weather has caused many of the local wildfowl to modify their usual feeding habits a bit,' said H. R. JUKES in 'The North Countryman'. 'Up one of the bigger tributary valleys near where I live there are two big reservoirs, each of them well over 100 acres. They are great places for wild duck in winter—wild geese and swans, too, at times. In the ordinary way, there is plenty of food to be picked up round the edges and among the shallower bits of water.

'But for some days now they have been frozen over. The only places where they have been open at all has been where one or other of the streams has come in, and even there only for a few yards out: too near the sides, apparently, for the wary diving ducks at any rate—pochards and tufteds mostly—which get their food from the bottom and naturally cannot keep as good a lookout as some of the others which have their heads above water all the time. All these diving ducks have spent their days sitting disconsolately out in the middle of the ice.

'It has been different with the surface-feeding mallards. These have been restless all day long, continually rising and flighting over the surrounding country, circling round in twos and threes and then returning.

'I found one of these chosen feeding places a little later, as I was crossing one of the ghylls on my way home. The quickly flowing streams running down the hillsides were mostly unfrozen and along the margins of this one there were several places where the mosses and bordering grasses were, even yet, quite moist and soft.

'I put duck after duck off these stretches—mostly mallard of course, but with an occasional little bunch of teal as well. These surface-feeding birds had quickly adapted themselves to the changed conditions. And not only duck, but other wild things apparently knew all about these little green oases in an otherwise frozen world. All round the edges the snow was crossed and recrossed with footprints of all shapes and sizes.

'Snipe had been here in some numbers; either that, or an odd bird had been very busy. A moorhen had spent a little time hunting about—he must have come up from the reservoir, too—and, strangely enough, a heron. There was no mistaking his great footmarks.

'The weather did not seem to worry a little flock of snow buntings I put up a bit later on. Breeding away up near the Arctic Circle as they do, perhaps they were used to it. A whole flock of them, twenty or thirty, just flickered up from almost under my feet and pitched down again only a few yards ahead; grand, plump, Christmassy little birds, no bigger than sparrows—and every bit as tame—they skipped about, chattering happily away to each other as if they had not a care in the world'.

THERE ARE STILL COWBOYS

'When I came out of the Navy I wanted a job with some action in it', explained ROSS SALMON in a Home Service talk. 'So when I saw an advertisement which said "Wanted—a ranch assistant in South America", I thought "just the job I am looking for". I applied to the staid London office of a large English cattle company and within a fortnight I stood in the corral of a cattle ranch in Venezuela. This was the tenderfoot training ground used by the company to break in English

assistants. The ranch was not isolated—a few hours ride away lay the township of Valencia—but its surroundings were magnificent, 20,000 acres of rich grassland circled by precipitous mountains whose jungle-covered sides were slashed by deep gorges and canyons.

'My home was a neat white-washed bungalow near the lakeside, and Elira, the Indian house-keeper looked after me. The morning after I arrived I woke with the sun at five o'clock and after a huge breakfast of melon, steak, eggs, chips, home-made bread and butter, and mugs of coffee I suddenly found myself catapulted into the wild cowboy life of the plateau.

'A tall Indian came trotting down the dusty trail on his horse, leading a splendid sixteen-hand gelding towards the corrals. He rode over to me as I stood there . . . without dismounting he dropped a high-pommelled, western-type saddle at my feet. "Señor . . . your horse", he said, flicking his thumb towards the corrals. "Your saddle" he added, with a nod towards my feet. "We shall wait for you in the main corral—over there". With that, he galloped off.

'Riding was nothing new to me. I had done a great deal in England. I picked up the saddle and set off for the corral and my horse. I thought it just a routine thing to saddle and catch the gelding, but when I found

myself in the corral with a nearly wild animal, expected to saddle him with the heavy western saddle and join the others, my confidence suffered a jolt. At the end of that first day when the Indian cowboys came galloping home, I was still trying to catch my horse!

'One of the first lessons I learned was to dress properly for the job. To start with, I scorned the traditional cowboy outfit—thought it just kid's stuff. But I quickly learned that every single item of equipment has its purpose and is essential. The Stetson with its high crown and wide brim was the only headgear that kept my head cool in the hot, tropical sun and kept the driving rain from my eyes. The bandanna, or neckerchief, tied around my

throat was a necessity in the dry season to pull up over my nose and mouth when riding through a dust storm or bush fire. And the only time I ever took off my cowboy boots was when I crawled into my hammock at night. I wore these high boots all day long. They were such a good protection against being bitten by any of the dozen types of snakes. Leather chaps, or leggings, as a protection against thorn bushes and cactus, and six-guns completed the outfit.

'Six-guns? Oh, yes, they are quite a necessary part of the equipment. There was always the chance, you see, of coming face to face with a jaguar, a wild boar, or a puma in the jungle strips. And there really were rustlers and bandits on the run from the law, who lived in the backwoods. I had to become a good shot to be useful in tight corners.

'But my lessons as a cowboy? Tiburcio taught me first of all how to lasso so I could catch my horse and bring it under control. The Spanish mustangs and Texas Quarter horses we used were never completely broken or docile; much wilder than anything I had ridden in England. So I had to learn to ride all over again—cowboy style. And, believe me, it's far different from the method taught in England. We rode with a very long stirrup—like the Horse Guards—and we sat firmly in our saddles through every movement of the animal. Then we trained our horses into a gait called the *paso camino*—pace of the road—it is something between a trot and a canter. Indeed, the pace is so smooth you could drink a cup of tea riding along. When you realise that a cowpuncher spends perhaps five or six hours a day, every day of his life, in the saddle you can understand why he must be comfortable'.



Officials of the R.S.P.C.A. feeding water-fowl which had been unable to get food during the recent cold spell

Television—Commercial Competition?

Opening speeches in the Fifty-one Society's discussion, under the chairmanship of Norman Fisher

By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MR. CHAIRMAN, I should like to begin by pointing out to you that it's only because we're still a free society that this controversy about commercial television arises at all. In Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, in Soviet Russia and its satellites, in Franco's Spain, and Tito's Yugoslavia, the matter was settled from the word 'Go'. The exigencies of dictatorship made it seem self-evident that a government agency must control radio as all other communication media, whether written or spoken. Are we to make the same assumptions here in this country as far as television is concerned? Or are we to take the admitted risks involved in ending the B.B.C. monopoly which Lady Violet Bonham Carter and her friends want to maintain in perpetuity? That, as I see it, is the basic issue. I am in favour of taking the risks. I want non-governmental—which means non-B.B.C.—television, and the more varied and the more diverse, in purpose and control, it is, the better pleased I'll be. I want it, because I'm convinced that only so can this formidable invention—the most formidable in the field of communications since printing—be used to nourish freedom rather than to promote conformity.

No one who's had anything to do with the B.B.C., particularly at its lower levels, can doubt that it's susceptible to official pressure. For instance, Sir Winston Churchill's voice was kept off the air at the time of Munich. Why? Lady Violet will tell you because the Conservative Party so decided. But the Conservative Party was in power at the time. It was, in effect, the Government. And there is no reason, as long as the existing arrangement is maintained, why other governments on other occasions should not likewise stifle the voice of reality, and impose their disastrous fantasies through the medium of a B.B.C. vastly more potent, because of the invention of television, than it was in 1938. I do not believe that, in the long run, a democracy can function when the most powerful single instrument for influencing public opinion is thus subject to decisive control by the government of the day. Such an arrangement must lead ultimately to servitude.

But, you will ask, will commercial television prove any readier than the B.B.C. to allow the expression of views critical of official policy? I think it is reasonable to hope so. In any case, the mere existence of an alternative television system, not dependent on government funds, is, from my point of view, an immense gain.

Let me refer you, in this connection, to the press. What keeps newspapers truthful (in so far as they are truthful) is one another—the fact that their exaggerations, their special pleading, their distortions, will necessarily be exposed, explicitly or by implication, in the columns of their rivals. Commercial television provides, it seems to me, the only present prospect of the B.B.C. being subjected to a like salutary check.

The strongest criticism of commercial television has derived from its dependence on advertising revenue. I have no liking for advertisements as such. If *The Times* or *The Manchester Guardian* could be brought out without all those columns of advertising matter, cunningly arranged to catch the reader's eye, I might well prefer it. But, of course, I know this isn't possible. They, and every newspaper and periodical in the country—including *Punch*, I may add—would fold up tomorrow if deprived of advertising revenue. High-mindedness wouldn't carry *The Manchester Guardian* along unless fortified by the cotton trade, and even *The Observer* would wither on the branch if advertisers so took to heart its fulminations against advertising on the air that they applied them to the written word.

Advertising, in fact, is the price we pay for freedom of the press, and I am quite prepared to pay a like price for freedom of the air. If there were some other way of procuring freedom of the air, so much the better. It's the freedom I want, not the advertising, which is only a means (and a very imperfect, and sometimes distasteful, means) to an end.

Opponents of commercial television say that the B.B.C. has done a wonderful job and become the 'admiration of the world'. Why interfere with so admirable an arrangement? they ask. My own feelings

in regard to the B.B.C. are well this side idolatry. I heartily endorse some very sensible observations made on the occasion of his resignation by the second Director-General, Sir Frederick Ogilvie—incidentally one of the very few among the Corporation's Big Brass to escape the occupational disease of megalomania. Sir Frederick drew attention to the grave dangers, actual and potential, attendant upon the B.B.C.'s monopoly, with particular reference to its officials, who too often, he said, combined undue authority with a sense of mission. The same dangerous combination is even more apparent today. Be that as it may, the introduction of commercial television will not involve any interference whatsoever with the B.B.C. as it now exists. Mr. Dimbleby will continue to provide his fruity accounts of royal and other occasions; Mr. Gilbert Harding will continue to disport himself on the television screen, and those syrupy voices which we know so well will continue at their allotted times to present each day's happenings. For those who so desire it, there will still be the B.B.C., the whole B.B.C., and nothing but the B.B.C. No one is going to drag Lord Halifax or Lady Violet Bonham Carter or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or even Lord Reith, kicking and screaming, to look at commercial television—tempting as the prospect might be.

As for American radio, whose hideous example has so frequently and so ignorantly been cited—speaking as one who has listened and viewed often and long in different parts of the United States, I can only tell you that a very great deal of nonsense has been talked about it over here. In any case, it would be as unreasonable to expect commercial television in this country to be identical with American television, as to expect the films produced by, say, Ealing Studios, to be identical with those produced by Hollywood. Adverse comparisons of American with B.B.C. television are, I may add, the more ludicrous in that many, if not most, of the successful B.B.C. television programmes have been lifted straight from America.

Again, it's often contended that advertisers will, in fact, if not in theory, control the organisation responsible, under the Government's scheme, for putting programmes on the air. Their interests will lie, it is argued, in getting the largest audiences, and they will therefore insist on low-grade entertainment, thereby 'lowering the standards' of all television. Apart from the highly priggish assumptions behind this argument, it is just not true that advertisers only take account of quantitative, as distinct from qualitative, considerations. If it were so, all newspaper advertising would tend to go to the largest circulation newspapers like the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Express*. But, of course, this doesn't happen. Nor would it happen on the air. The sort of viewers who like Glyndebourne Opera would be interesting to advertisers of some commodities, just as the sort who like music-hall variety would be of interest to advertisers of others.

It would be quite dishonest of me to pretend that I know just how the controlling body of commercial television, as envisaged in the Government's White Paper, will work out. Perhaps it will prove as obsequious and sycophantic towards established authority, and as monolithic in structure, as the B.B.C.—though that is difficult to credit. Because I believe in competitive television, I am not required to defend, as such, the Government's proposals. They seem to me, like so many governmentally-devised compromises, to err on the side of timidity and imprecision. At the same time, their intention—to break the B.B.C. monopoly—is sound, and, in the light of that intention, they deserve to be given a trial. May I conclude by quoting some words of G. K. Chesterton, written in 1928, long before this present controversy became actual: 'Suppose', he writes, 'you had told some of the old Whigs, let alone Liberals, that there was an entirely new type of printing press, eclipsing all others; and that, as this was to be given to the King, all printing would henceforth be Government printing. They would be roaring like rebels, or even regicides. Yet that is exactly what we have done with the new invention of wireless'.

Chesterton goes on to speak of 'a swift, sweeping and intolerant State monopoly'. How eagerly would he have supported the present effort to break this monopoly. How surprised, and I think distressed, he would

have been to find among his opponents, not only expected figures like Lord Reith and Lord Halifax, and the editor of *The Times*, with their train of vice-chancellors, prelates, moderators, and other camp followers of conformity, but, as well, the accomplished daughter of a great Liberal Prime Minister.

By LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER

MR. CHAIRMAN, Mr. Muggeridge has said very kind things about me and he has also presented me with such a dazzling choice of fallacies—with such a brilliant bunch of gas-balloons to burst—that I really don't know which one to pop first. But before I start on what I hope is going to be an orgy of destruction, may I say one positive word about my own beliefs?

I believe in public-service broadcasting, both to the eye and to the ear (the same responsibilities surely attach to both?) because I believe that this great instrument of light—the most direct, pervasive, intimate medium which exists—should be entrusted to disinterested keeping and used with absolute integrity of aim, as an end in itself, and not as a mere means to selling goods or any other end.

The function of British broadcasting was defined in the Charter as 'entertainment, information, and education'. (I'm not afraid of that last bleak word.) Now although the first of these three functions—or rather, I should perhaps say, one single form of it, *mass* entertainment, might well be performed just as well, or sometimes even better, by commercial interests (though I defy the whole world of commerce to beat or equal Tommy Handley) the other two most certainly will not, for the simple reason that they will not pay as well in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. The advertiser is not concerned with the influence of broadcasting on the mind and spirit of the nation. Why should he be? It's not his business. His sole interest in television is as a selling medium; and only if it's adapted to this end, and only if it succeeds as such, will he be ready to finance it. As the Unesco Survey truly says: 'The principal object of such programmes'—that is, commercial programmes—'is to obtain commercial profit; to satisfy the demand of advertisers for the largest possible audience at the lowest cost per unit'.

In contrast, a public-service system is not concerned with us as units in a mass, low cost or high cost, but as individual human beings with different tastes and needs—not with its balance-sheet of profit or of loss, but with the values and the standards it maintains.

And now for Mr. Muggeridge's balloons. Let us take freedom first. 'I am for freedom', Mr. Muggeridge declares—as though he were uttering a startling paradox. Well, freedom is a concept with which, as a lifelong Liberal, I am not unfamiliar. I have heard of it before. I even care about it. But freedom for whom? Freedom of what? How, for instance, is the freedom Mr. Muggeridge preaches being practised in this contest by his own libertarian leaders, allies, and supporters? Freedom of choice? Of conscience?—when on this very issue Parliament itself has not been allowed freedom to vote? The cry we have heard so often, 'Trust the People', comes strangely from a Government which dare not even trust its own supporters to support it in the division lobby where they were herded by their Whips, as *The Manchester Guardian* wrote, like 'dumb, driven cattle'. On this great national, this far above party, issue, Conservative M.P.s were given just the same kind of freedom—well—as the members of the E.T.U. at Scunthorpe.

But however it is brought about, can Mr. Muggeridge seriously contend that commercial television leads to greater freedom—of any kind whatever? Free speech? It does not mean freedom of speech, but freedom to advertise, and that only for the few commercial giants who can afford it. For even freedom to advertise is going to be strictly rationed by the purse. The air will go to the highest bidder: to those who can afford to pay the biggest gate-money for time and space. The small firm and the little man will be squeezed out; big money and big interest will cash in. And—at least so the Government assures us—even these rich and lucky ones will not be free. A controlling body will stand over them, armed with an index and a gag, and if they should transgress in manner, taste, or tact, may sentence them to everlasting silence.

It is a queer sort of free enterprise when £1,000,000 of public money is extracted from the British taxpayer by the British Treasury, first to put advertisers on the air, and then to pay a Corporation to control them when they get there. It looks as if the Government does not even trust the advertisers.

Now Mr. Muggeridge believes the B.B.C. to be a helpless puppet under government control. He has accused it, not only here tonight but previously in speech and writing, of keeping Sir Winston Churchill off the air during the appeasement years before the war.

That accusation is a false one, as he would know if he had troubled to ask the B.B.C. the facts as I have done. As he knows, it is not the B.B.C., nor even the Government, but the parties, whether they are in opposition or in power, who choose the speakers for political party broadcasts. And the tory party, not being suicidally inclined, did not put up Sir Winston to denounce the Munich settlement they had so disastrously arrived at. But Sir Winston was not off the air. He broadcast ten times in the 'thirties, making four important international speeches, and he was invited to broadcast by the B.B.C. on ten other occasions and refused. In 1931 he expressed a wish to speak on India, and the B.B.C. twice planned that he should do so, but their plans were vetoed by Sir Winston's party leaders. And this self-same system, be it good or be it bad, will be imposed on the commercial stations. The idea that they will have more freedom than the B.B.C. is just a wild pipe-dream of Mr. Muggeridge. (Let him put the White Paper in his pipe and smoke it, for he clearly can't have read it!)

But just supposing that at the time of Munich we had had here in England a really free commercial system (not this muted, fettered, hybrid which the Government is struggling to bring to birth), does Mr. Muggeridge imagine for one moment that it would have put on Sir Winston Churchill? Not on your life. Commercial do not put their money on 'voices crying in the wilderness', or rebels in the shade of popular disfavour. That would not be good business or good salesmanship. They are out for a mass audience and a good box-office return. When I was in America (and I have just come back from there), I was told by a great broadcasting authority on one of the biggest networks that there was today in the United States an unwritten black list of speakers whom no chain would dare to put on the air for fear of offending Senator McCarthy and his following. Compare that with our practice, where even atheists and communists are allowed to put their case.

Competition, so-called, does not always mean freedom. The fear of giving offence, the fear of losing a mass audience to a rival, these often act as fetters upon freedom. Nor does it always lead to diversity. There is far less difference between the myriad programmes turned out by the competing networks in the United States than there is between our own three programmes here at home.

We all want an alternative television programme. But we need not go to advertisers to get one. The B.B.C. itself could give us one, or more than one, if the Government would raise the licence fee £1 (which we could all afford), or release, as it should do, the £2,500,000 licence revenue now paid by every one of us, by listeners and viewers, and raided by the Treasury.

But the issue is not between monopoly and competition. If the Government wish to break up the monopoly, if they want outside competition at any cost, then let them set up another public service corporation bound by the same rules and standards as the B.B.C. and let the two compete with one another on equal terms.

One final question: who wants this thing? The people? They have never been consulted. The advertisers? Not even all of these; many are dead against it. Two classes only want it: a pressure group of interested parties and a few wholly disinterested doctrinaires—like Mr. Muggeridge. Both say they are out to give the public what they want. But we shall get, not what we want, but what the advertisers want to give us, for their own purpose—and that purpose is not ours. And it is bound to lead to a fierce struggle for a mass audience in which standards will go under, just as they have done in some sections of the press. We know—which one of us does not?—the bait best calculated to catch millions. But few of us, I think, would choose that bait to be our people's and our children's daily bread.

In the commercial age we live in, which the Prime Minister has called an age of 'buzz and clatter, gape and gloat', an age of shifting, ebbing values, our B.B.C. has been a firm and faithful guardian of many precious things: of truth, and taste, integrity, and fairness. These things have never yet been up for sale. Let us refuse to sell or gamble with them now.—*Home Service*

The report by a committee of experts on *Commodity Trade and Economic Development* (Stationery Office, 5s.) has been published by the United Nations. The report recommends measures to overcome instability in the prices of primary commodities.

Early Man in Africa

By KENNETH OAKLEY

AT the time when the Piltown skull was found, some forty years ago, comparatively few remains of early man were known, and none at all in Africa. Since the first world war, our knowledge of the evolution of man has greatly increased

through discoveries in various parts of the world, most notably in the Far East and in Africa. In the nineteen-thirties, skulls and other traces of some forty individuals of the extinct type of man now called *Pithecanthropus* were found in cave deposits near Peking. Earlier and later examples of this genus are known from Java. These remains give us a fair picture of what some of the earliest true men were like. By true men I mean creatures that not only qualified in anatomical structure as members of the family *Hominidae*—but creatures with larger brains than apes and which, moreover, regularly made tools. The Java and Peking Men probably lived between 200,000 and 500,000 years ago, but I would emphasise that these figures

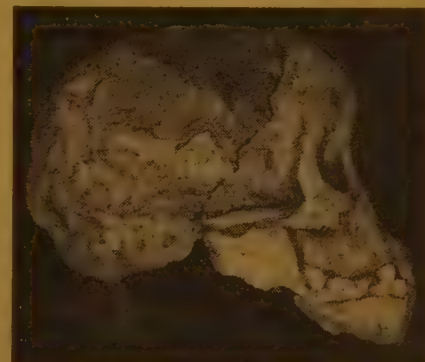
are only very rough estimates. Were we descended from men of this type, or were these brutish looking creatures collaterals of ours which became extinct? What were the forebears of *Pithecanthropus* like? We are now beginning to be able to answer these questions as a result of discoveries in Africa, which was evidently the 'heart-land' of simian and human evolution.

Fossil monkey-like forms, such as *Proconsul*, living in East Africa about 30,000,000 years ago seem to fill the bill as the common ancestral stock of men on the one hand and modern apes on the other. These early creatures were not specialised: they appear to have been equally at home in the trees and on the ground. Some of them gradually became restricted to forest life, and specialised accordingly, developing long arms for swinging from bough to bough. These were the typical anthropoid apes. Others, among whom we would find our ancestors, took to the open country, and began to scuttle about on their hind legs which outgrew the arms in length. Discoveries in South Africa have given us a picture of what our ancestors were like at this stage, when they had clearly diverged from apes in anatomical structure and were beginning to walk erect on two feet, but could not be counted as true men.

The fossils that illustrate this nearly human stage are known under the generic name of *Australopithecus* (the prefix *Australo* simply means southern). The first skull of *Australopithecus* was found in the filling of an ancient cave exposed by the quarrying of limestone

at Taung, in Bechuanaland, in 1924. When it came into the hands of Professor Raymond Dart of Johannesburg, he realised that it might well be proto-human. At that time many of Dart's contemporaries disagreed with him and considered that the Taung skull was that of a typical ape. They pointed out that its human appearance might be due to immaturity. Undoubtedly it represented a young individual, and it is well known that the skull of a baby ape looks more human than the skull of an adult ape, because the specialised features that distinguish apes from men develop only with maturity.

That Professor Dart had been right began to become evident from 1936 onwards, when the late Dr. Robert Broom discovered adult specimens of *Australopithecus* in the fillings of caves and fissures in the Transvaal, mostly near Sterkfontein, about forty miles south-west from Pretoria. Although apelike in size, the skulls of adult *Australopithecines* show a number of distinctly human features. The hole for the spinal cord is placed well forward on the underside of the braincase, indicating that the skull was poised on top of the spine, not tilting so far forwards as in apes. The teeth and jaws are even more strikingly like those of man. The teeth form an arcade which is evenly curved, not rectangular as in apes; while the eye-teeth are small and level with the grinding teeth. Pieces of limb-bone and hip-bones have now come to light and a study of these has shown that *Australopithecines* were built more like men than like any known apes. They had rather short, slender arms, not the long powerful arms typical of apes, and they were able to walk upright on two feet. This anatomical evidence agrees with the geological, because the character of the deposits in which the remains were found and the associated fossils enable us to deduce that *Australopithecus* lived



Skull of a young *Australopithecus*, found at Taung, Bechuanaland, in 1924

in open country, grass-veld and bush-veld. In marked contrast, apes are built for life in forests.

It would clearly be misleading to describe *Australopithecines* as apes, but can we fairly call them men? This is still a matter for argument. Their brains were no bigger than the brains of gorillas, but then they were smaller creatures—about the size of pygmies. Judged by the proportion of brain weight to total weight, it is possible that they should be ranked as superior to gorillas. Perhaps, however, the most logical criterion of humanity is not size of brain, but the quality of brain, indicated for example by ability to make tools.

No tools have been found in association with the remains of *Australopithecus* at any of the South African sites. However, a high proportion of the baboon skulls that have been recovered from the cave deposits at Taung show



Restoration of an early *Australopithecus*, the type of near-human creature which lived about 500,000 years ago, specimens of which have been found in the Transvaal

Models and drawing by Maurice Wilson

breaks and perforations which Professor Dart interprets as evidence that *Australopithecus* was semi-carnivorous and hunted baboons with improvised weapons. Today apes are mainly plant and fruit eaters, but it is likely that these South African 'near-men', living as they did in open grassy veld which was liable to drought, were semi-carnivorous, just as baboons are, particularly when conditions are hard—as South African farmers told me they know to their cost. In that case it is probable that the Australopithecines used improvised weapons. For example, they may have hurled pebbles at small prey. But there is no evidence that they were tool-makers, and there is a big difference in quality of mental activity between tool-using and tool-making. In other words, although the Australopithecines qualify anatomically as members of the family *Hominidae* which includes man, they were not men.

Is it possible that they were ancestral to true men? To put this question more precisely, in scientific terms, could any of the known species of *Australopithecus* be ancestral to the tool-making genera of *Hominidae*, that is to say to *Pithecanthropus* or to *Homo*, the genus to which we ourselves belong? The answer to this question depends largely on their geological antiquity, and it was mainly for the purpose of examining evidence on that score that I visited South Africa last year.

The Australopithecine cave deposits appear to have accumulated mainly in a dry period following a time of abnormally high rainfall which may be correlated with the early part of the Ice Age in Europe and Asia. (In African geology one speaks of pluvial instead of glacial periods. They are roughly equivalent.) The oldest cave deposit that has yielded remains of *Australopithecus* is in the Makapan valley, about 100 miles north of Pretoria. This deposit appears to have been formed towards the end of a wet period, probably the first pluvial period. All the other sites are later. So there is no evidence that any of the known specimens of 'near-men' are older than the early part of the Ice Age—say 500,000 years. Unfortunately none of the known methods of exact dating can be applied to specimens of this antiquity. We can be certain that they are more than 50,000 years old, and probably less than 500,000, but whereabouts in this interval a particular specimen falls is a matter for intelligent guesswork based on the geological evidence. However, from the present point of view a relative dating of the various types of 'near-men' and early men is sufficient.

Now that we are fairly confident that none of the known examples of Australopithecines are earlier than the first pluvial period, or beginning of the Ice Age, it appears unlikely that they are actual ancestors of true men, because in Java the earliest specimens of *Pithecanthropus* date from that time. Unfortunately, precise correlation between South Africa and Java is far from easy, but there is another line of evidence supporting the conclusion that Australopithecines were a side-line in hominid evolution.

In the Transvaal last year we were fortunate enough to obtain evidence that undoubted tools made by chipping pebbles occur in river gravels of the same age as the oldest *Australopithecus* cave deposits of the same region. This suggests that true men had entered the main valleys of the Transvaal while the sub-human *Australopithecus* continued to live in the dolomite hills. This is the most probable hypothesis, but it must be admitted that complete proof that the pebble-tools were not the handiwork of the 'near-men' is lacking. The absence of pebble-tools from the sites where the remains of these creatures were found might simply be due to their having lived and worked in one place and died in another. The sites in question may not have been the dwelling-places of Australopithecines, but the dens of carnivores that preyed on them. It is worth while examining this possibility in some detail.

Some scores of tons of human occupation debris were excavated from a palaeolithic cave in the Transvaal last year, and although animal bones were abundant, not a scrap of human bone or tooth came to light. Bones of early men were rarely preserved at living sites unless they were buried deliberately or were the remains of cannibal feasts.

Primitive men, like most primates, go away on their own when they are about to die, or if they do die at a dwelling-place their bodies are removed by their fellows. The Sinoia caves in Southern Rhodesia used to be frequented by troops of baboons. When I was there last year, I asked the native custodian of the caves whether he ever came across bones or teeth of baboons in these caves. He said, 'No. When a bobbejaan is sick or wounded it leaves the troop, goes into the bush and is seen no more'.

In the face of this evidence I find it difficult to account for traces of more than thirty Australopithecines being found in the deposit occupying a single small cave at Swartkrans, near Sterkfontein, unless these bones and teeth represent the food debris of carnivores, such as sabre-tooth tigers or hyenas, both of which certainly lived thereabouts at the time. Also, one must not overlook the possibility that one group of Australopithecines preyed on another, for the abundance of remains of *Pithecanthropus* in the Peking caves was apparently due to cannibalism. However, there are indications in South Africa that early men avoided caves until they had the use of fire: caves, after all, would have been death-traps without this means of warding off carnivores. In contrast, Peking Man could inhabit caves because he had the use of fire, but, as I judge the evidence now available, *Australopithecus* had not.

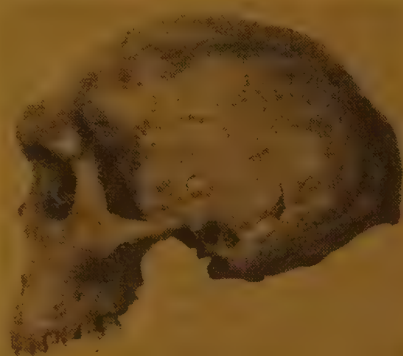
Although one must keep an open mind about the possibility that Australopithecines made pebble-tools, on general grounds it is much more probable that these implements were made by a creature comparable in status with *Pithecanthropus* or *Homo* (the genus to which we belong). We know that *Pithecanthropus* was already in existence in Java at the beginning of the Ice Age, and that this genus was capable of tool-making. We also know that not very long after that time, perhaps 400,000 years ago, the genus *Homo* existed in Germany; the Heidelberg jaw is witness of this.

There is also an intriguing piece of evidence from the Transvaal itself which might be held to support the view that the Australopithecines were living at the same time as some more advanced member of the *Hominidae*. In 1950 a fragment of lower jaw was found by Broom and Robinson in the deposit at Swartkrans, which appears to be much more human than any of the associated jaws of *Australopithecus*. Unfortunately it is not

complete enough for us to be sure of its human status, but it allows one to speculate on the possibility that it represents one of the pebble-tool makers that had strayed into Australopithecine territory, and there fell victim to a cave-dwelling carnivore.

Although it now appears that the known representatives of *Australopithecus* were too late geologically to be actual ancestors of true men, it is possible that earlier representatives of the same genus, living farther north, say 1,000,000 years ago, were ancestral to a more progressive line that became the tool-makers. This is strongly suggested by our finding that the earliest known *Australopithecus*, that of Makapan, is more human in appearance than the later examples, such as those of Swartkrans.

It is probable that somewhere in the open savannah bordering the forests of central Africa still earlier Australopithecines, whose remains await discovery, evolved into true men; that is to say, into hominids with brains capable of attaining the level of cerebration necessary for systematic tool-making and all that it implies: foresight, communication of ideas, and so on. This development presumably occurred between 500,000 and 1,000,000 years ago. Meanwhile some of the less progressive members of the same ancestral stock survived almost unchanged in the *cul-de-sac* of South Africa, and were still there less than 500,000 years ago, when the first tool-making men began their great spread over the Old World. Carnivores took heavy toll of these ill-equipped creatures, and soon after man's arrival on the fringes of their territory they presumably became extinct.



The 'fully human' skull of Rhodesian Man (about 50,000 years old), found in 1921 at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia



Restoration of Rhodesian Man. Both this and the skull are in the British Museum (Natural History)

It has generally been supposed that in evolving from the Australopithecine stage, our ancestors passed through the stage represented by *Pithecanthropus*, but it is possible that in Africa this stage was skipped, and that the very early Australopithecines which we have postulated were transformed directly into *Homo*. In this case we would have to regard the Pithecanthropines of Java and Peking as marginal types of man which developed only in Asia.

There are hints, but no more as yet, that the earliest true men in Africa were rather like a prototype of the Australian aboriginal, and that it was from this group that we ourselves were evolved. There is a big gap in the record of the evolutionary history of man in Africa between the relatively abundant Australopithecine material of, say, 200,000 to 500,000 years ago, and the remains of the late Palaeolithic folk such as the Rhodesian Man of around 50,000 years ago. We can only glimpse what was happening to man during this interval through the traces he has left of his culture—stone hand-axes and other implements—which we find mainly at the sides of former lakes and rivers. In South Africa, men do not appear to have lived in caves until the close of the Earlier Stone Age; nor is there any evidence that they were commonly the victims of cave-dwelling carnivores. They lived in the open where chances of fossilisation were remote, and apparently they did not bury their dead.

Three important fossil human skulls have been found which date from the end of this long blank in the fossil record: the Rhodesian skull, the skull found recently east of Saldanha Bay near Capetown, and the Florisbad skull. The Rhodesian skull was found in a cave deposit at Broken Hill in association with a flake-tool industry. So long as it was unique it was possible to argue that its prodigious eyebrow

ridges were pathological, but the discovery last January of the Saldanha skull, whose brow-ridges are identical, suggests that this was one of the normal but perhaps extreme variants of the early *Homo sapiens* of Africa. Less aberrant forms may well have been ancestral to all the later types of modern man.

Several other side-lines appear to have branched off from the primitive stock of our own species; for example, the Neanderthals of Ice Age Europe, and the large-brained predecessors of the African Bushmen. One of the most extraordinary fossil human skulls found in South Africa is that of Florisbad Man. This was discovered through exploitation of warm springs near Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State. It combines some of the characters of the early Bushmen with features more reminiscent of Rhodesian Man. Its current interest is that an associated bed of peat has been dated by the carbon-14 method in Chicago as being more than 40,000 years old.

The whole picture of human evolution has changed considerably as a result of finds in Africa during recent years. Before the first world war it was possible to believe, as the Piltdown chimera suggested, that 500,000 years ago men had jaws essentially like those of modern apes. But with the discovery of the Australopithecines it became evident that even our backward relatives at that time had jaws that were more human than the Piltdown jaw! The discoveries in East Africa and South Africa have provided a solid basis for the family tree of men and apes, and it is now apparent that the divergence of the family *Hominidae* from the ape family took place several million years ago, but that fully human status, indicated by systematic tool-making, was not attained by any hominids much before about 500,000 years ago.

—Third Programme

Ten Weeks in Brazil—IV

A Flight to Mato Grosso

By JULIAN DUGUID

SOME twenty years ago I used to hunt jaguars, on horseback, through the forests and swamps of Mato Grosso. It was quite a business to get there: a fortnight by ship to Rio, five days and nights in a train, and then another week in a river-steamer: a total of twenty-six days. Now, if you were really in a hurry, you could leave London airport on a Sunday morning and arrive on Tuesday afternoon. It is this change of pace in Brazil which makes it so exciting to revisit.

This time I hunted no jaguars. Instead, I accepted the offer of the Fundacao Brasil Central to fly me up into the wilderness and see how they were trying to master it. The Fundacao is a kind of corporation, government-sponsored and financed, which has bought 10,000 square miles of Mato Grosso in an attempt to make it blossom. It is run by a few enthusiasts: some of the very few Brazilians who are interested in the Brazilian countryside. It sounds an odd thing to say, but the average Brazilian is bored when out of sight of a skyscraper. In a land bigger than the United States, there is no drive to open up: no 'Go west, young man' at all. On the contrary, any man with any push makes straight for Rio or São Paulo. It was therefore refreshing to find someone who believed in the open spaces.

I started from Rio at dawn in an ancient military aircraft. Its seats ran down each side; and its middle was taken up with supplies for Aragarças, the little new town we were visiting. A jeep was lashed to the floor, surrounded by numbers of oil-drums. These aircraft are a feature of Brazil. They carry the mails and some passengers. They have first-class pilots and crew, and they fly to the uttermost corners of the dark forests of the Amazon. They are slow and wildly unpunctual. They will wait five hours for a passenger if he is a man of sufficient importance. But nobody seems to mind that. There is an air of kindness on board: when a paper bag is needed everyone rushes to fetch one and to comfort the pale green unfortunate. They are very friendly vehicles.

It is only 1,000 miles from Rio to Aragarças, but we took all day on the flight. We behaved like one of those trains that wander through English valleys. We stopped for no obvious reason and started at precisely the moment when we had given up hope of ever moving. Patience is not a virtue in Brazil. It is the first necessity of life. Without it, one would go into a madhouse. Yet, patient, what fun one can

have! At one tiny airport the only piece of furniture was a boot-black's chair stuffed with horse-hair. It was worth several hours' delay to watch the men come in out of the bush, sit for some minutes like kings, and then strut off with blinding shoe-leather.

We crossed Minas Geraes and Goyaz on our way to Aragarças. The emptiness of the country was frightening. An occasional house, the rare flash of a stream, was all that broke the monotony: except for the *ipe* trees. They rose from the burned-up land like enormous torches of daffodils: the yellow untouched by green because the flowers come out before the leaves. We arrived in Aragarças within a few minutes of evening. It is a town that is not yet built. It lies in the shadow of hills, at the point where the Araguaia River is joined by the Rio das Garças... the River of Herons. It stands in the State of Goyaz, but beyond the forty-foot gorge down which the water flows to the still-distant Amazon is the State of Mato Grosso. As distances go in Brazil, it is not very far from the country where Colonel Fawcett disappeared.

As it happened, we took off again at once. The pilot told me he was flying in deeper in the morning: and, if I wanted to see the Indian territory, I had better come with him now. We could return to Aragarças in a day or two. So we jumped over some hills, and, in the last flames of sunset, landed at Chavantina on the Rio das Mortes, the River of the Dead.

Mato Grosso is a large untidy place: bigger than England and Wales, France, and Spain put together. It is covered with forest and swamp and more open cattle savannah, through which at wide intervals flow the rivers. These waters run away uselessly, for their channels are well below the countryside; and it is only where pumps have been installed that the fertile earth can bloom. Now and again there are villages, but nothing like the planned intelligence which the Fundacao Brasil Central has brought to Chavantina. It is built on the lines of the old Jesuit missions: an enormous vacant square, with houses round the circumference. It is intended to be the centre of a huge stretch of country, where refugees from the drought-parched north-east of Brazil can find a permanent resting-place. Already, it has a saw-mill and a flour-mill with a hundred or so inhabitants who are preparing the ground for settlers.

That evening, in brilliant moonlight, we sat on the manager's verandah overlooking the Rio das Mortes. There was an island midway across the stream, and beyond was an empty village belonging to the Chavante Indians. They were thirty miles away on a seasonal hunting expedition. The manager brought out some arrows: they were beautifully polished reeds, four feet in length, with parrots' feathers angled cunningly to spin the shaft in flight. An old Italian priest, who had lived in the district fifty years, fingered his beard and smiled. It was a challenge subtly delivered at a young Italian surveyor who had just spent four months in mapping a tributary of the Xingu for the Governor of Mato Grosso. He claimed to have been shot at by Indians, and Father Colbachini was defending those he loved. 'It is impossible', said Father Colbachini gently, 'for four arrows to be shot from the same bow at the same time'.

The young man burst out protesting. He had been sitting in his camp when four arrows descended within a yard of him. The only Indians he could see were a man and his wife who had been pestering him for gifts for a week. He had given as much as he dared, but the couple had been furious when he refused to be milked any further. They had followed him: and then those arrows.

Father Colbachini laughed, remarking how nice it must be to have remained so young and innocent. What had happened was clear. There were four Indian men, three concealed in the bushes. They had all fired at once, but to frighten, not to kill. These Indians survived through their marksmanship. Was it likely that four of them would miss at a mere fifty yards? Then he asked with a naughty twinkle how much had been abandoned in the camp. 'I thought so', said Father Colbachini, smiling at the stammer and the blush. 'Those poor naked savages outwitted you, my son'.

Just to underline the wildness and the strangeness of this huge state of Mato Grosso, I witnessed a tearing little incident during the flight back to Aragarças. We were carrying a mother and her baby. The woman was three-quarter Indian, large and impassive, with the sad eyes of her kind. The child was obviously dying. It was really no bigger than a kitten; and its forehead was almost black from some obscure disease of the blood. Suddenly, the woman leaned forward and asked me for a box of matches. I offered her a cigarette, but she shook her head impatiently. She extracted a single match, lit it, and then put the stick between the cold fingers of her child to take the place of a candle. She blew out the flame after a moment and handed back the box. When we landed, the baby was dead.

Aragarças attracted me at once. It was not so much what had been done as the spirit that was moving through the wilderness. There was an atmosphere of bustle and of hope, a feeling that something was happening which would be of great value to Brazil. Dr. Barros, the man in charge, who was humorous and wore gold-rimmed spectacles, took me round in a lively jeep. We bounced at a masterful pace along roads that were only half-made, between houses that were rising in the sunlight under the hands of local craftsmen. We visited the home-constructed brick factory, whose kilns would supply the neighbourhood. We walked through the long, cool corridors of what would soon be the only hospital in a radius of 400 miles. Brazilians who live in the countryside are on familiar terms with death. It is always standing at their elbow. There are no doctors to come when they are sick: and

the usual answer that one gets when enquiring how they are is a resigned: 'I am still alive'. Mere aliveness is a fact worth mentioning in the wilds of Mato Grosso. The new hospital at Aragarças would prolong the days of many people who would otherwise needlessly perish. Dr. Barros was gleaming with excitement as he showed me over his building.

Next, he drove me to an experimental station, a mile or two out of the town. Here, the landscape itself was being altered. The ground is covered for the most part with a gnarled and sterile tree. It is useless except for firewood, though its leaves are rough enough to act as a kind of emery-paper. Dr. Barros and his men were making researches into timber which would give the settlement an income. Half a million young eucalyptus were already planted in rows; and there were groves of oranges and limes.

But it is the bridge across the Araguaia River which makes Aragarças so significant. Once that is finished, Goyaz and Mato Grosso will be joined, and a road opened up into the Amazon. So far, it has only been possible to ferry goods over the river or to take them in by air. Now, in a matter of months, a lorry can start from Rio and, as soon as the roads are made, deliver its load into country which is still full of wild Indians. It is the first time this has happened in the whole history of Brazil; and it may affect the livelihood of millions of people.

Dr. Barros took me down to see it. It is named the Arquemedes Lima Bridge, after the head of the Fundacao Brasil Central. His faith and his energy were now taking shape across the width of the Araguaia. The structure was well advanced at the time I went to visit it. It had reached from bank to bank; but no one was satisfied with that. Building bridges in tropical places is a costly and dangerous affair. For the rains fill the rivers, which rise perhaps thirty feet in the course of less than a week. A stoppage of work, or even a slowing-down, could mean the destruction of the bridge. The waters would roar across the uncompleted concrete; and the pressure of floating tree-trunks could undermine the piles. Dr. Barros walked about among the workers, encouraging here, suggesting alterations there: all the time imparting his will that the rains must be beaten. I never saw Dr. Barros idle. Even in the oven-hot stillness of a Mato Grosso afternoon, when everyone else would be asleep, one could hear the noise of his jeep as he bumped round Aragarças. His smile and his gold-rimmed spectacles flashed against any kind of slackness long before it was able to develop.

Dr. Barros saw me off at the airport: a long cleared field, with a small neat waiting-room and a huge pile of petrol drums. For once, he was not smiling. He said: 'Try to tell as many as possible of what goes on out here. My country is bigger than Australia, but my countrymen are not really interested. They think Rio and São Paulo are Brazil. But, you know, we shall never be great until a hundred Aragarças have begun to spring up in the wilderness'. Back in Rio, I remembered Dr. Barros. When reporters called to see me, I was moved to a certain eloquence about the bridge at Aragarças. Presently, I noticed a film forming on the reporters' eyes. They were polite, but clearly bored. Only when I mentioned, as a side-thought, that this was Fawcett country did the pencils jump into action. What did I think of Colonel Fawcett? Was he alive or was he dead? Wearily, I told them what I knew; and my guesses made the headlines next day. But of the glory of Aragarças not a single word appeared.—Home Service

The Way to God through Fellowship

By Canon C. E. RAVEN

IN the third verse of the first chapter of the First Epistle General of St. John are the words 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ'. So the Gospel proclaimed and shared gives rise to the fellowship, and the fellowship thus initiated has its goal in God. That would seem to be a normal way to the fulfilment of our human pilgrimage. Happy are they that find it.

Yet for most of us, especially if we have been brought up in a Protestant country, the way to God has usually begun through some intimately individual experience. Sometimes, I suppose, it is a matter of sudden

conversion—a moment at which, after a time of strain, or even agony, a vivid awareness that we are not alone brings an intense conviction of rapture, of joy and of humility. Like St. Paul on the Damascus road, we see and hear, and are changed. To others the beauty of the sea and the sky, of flower and bird, the wonders of astronomy and geology, the thrill of music and poetry, brings a sense of an indwelling presence, that constrains us to worship. More often still, perhaps, it is the love of parent or friend, or the shock of suffering or bereavement that lifts us out of our complacency, and confronts us with the fact of God. Most of all, perhaps, we are enchanted, as it were, by some message of the Bible, by some revelation in prayer or sacrament or

sermon, by someone who carries in his life the arresting quality of the saint. In a myriad such ways, men and women, one by one, have found God.

Previous speakers in this series of addresses have told us how, by one or other of these roads, they were brought into the presence of God and discovered that He was with them. For me, too, those roads, or some of them, were the first. I felt the presence 'in the light of setting suns', and under the stars, and on the sea; and then in a few pictures and poems; and then most vividly through the illness of a friend who was himself deeply Christian. But today, we are to think not about these roads, of the alone to the Alone, but about the approach through fellowship. And this is a different and, for some people at least, an even fuller and more liberating experience.

The-Experience of Comradeship

Most of us have known the sense of intimate comradeship, indeed almost of corporate one-ness, that comes to a team or a group when they are wholly absorbed in a common task or adventure. One of my friends, in his day a very eminent Oxford rowing blue, used to say that his picture of the unity of heaven was a racing eight, when the crew found itself. And even a fifth-rate oar like myself could imagine what he meant. In such moments we feel as if we were inspired by a single great power, a power not ourselves, though we are caught up by it and are contributing to it. For myself, such a sense of fellowship came most strongly when I joined my battalion in April 1917 on Vimy Ridge, just on the eve of our fight in front of Oppie Wood. We were being thrown in to relieve the pressure upon the French down on the Chemin des Dames, and knew that we had to face a terrible struggle. In point of fact we went in 800 strong, and came out 120. On that evening, the sheer solidarity which held us up was so compelling that even the most afraid could lean on it and find support. And even the most aggressive became, for the time, sensitive and considerate. It was to me a wholly new experience of unity, among men sharing a common service and facing a common danger.

You may well ask: 'what has this sort of unity got to do with God?' And though I am very sure that in fact the sense of being upheld and possessed by a life larger than one's own is a truly religious experience, I agree that it is not usually regarded as such. But for me, a few years later, the same experience came still more obviously in a gathering of Christians, met to renew their dedication, to consider together their discipleship and its obligation, and to offer their lives to God. Suddenly something happened. I can only describe it as it affected me. It was as if I had been for years standing outside the King's palace, in God's country, and been trying to see what it was like, and to tell people about it, though all the time I knew that I did not really belong to it. Now, suddenly, I discovered that I was inside the palace, a native of the kingdom, through no act of my own, held and surrounded by all these friends and fellow-citizens whose affection and prayers would not let me go—even if I had wanted to leave them. Among us in that fellowship was an intense unity, a sensitiveness which made us aware of unspoken thoughts, and responsive to unannounced inspirations. For a little time we behaved as if, literally, we were members one of another: members in a single body, each playing its part in the life and energy of the whole. We were freed from our solitariness, and our individuality, and collectively made aware of God's presence and God's will.

Such an experience at once recalls the accounts of the early Church, when the believers were said to be of one heart and of one soul, and were described in terms of a body and its limbs, its eyes and ears, its hands and feet. We are reminded that it was in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ found fulfilment and expression, and that, as this same fellowship, the Church was born. It became complete only after Pentecost, but if we study the training that Our Lord gave to his followers we see that from the first he formed them into a group, taught them that the love of God and the love of neighbour were inseparable, and insisted, by precept and parable, by act and example, that love and forgiveness must be all-inclusive. It was the gift of the Holy Spirit that was the goal and fulfilment of His education of His followers, and the effect of that gift was the establishment of the blessed community. Up to that point, they had known God, and worshipped Him, they had recognised His presence in Jesus Christ, and seen His works of power, but they had not experienced any full release from their selfishness, from the ambitions and fears which led them to forsake and deny their Master, nor had they received power by the indwelling of God in them.

The lesson of this for us in these days is surely plain enough. Each

one of us can gain a personal knowledge of God, and keep it, alas, as a private possession, a secret which gives us a comfortable feeling of privilege and of superiority. We can claim to be entitled, on the strength of it, to front seats in the churches, and to thrones on the right hand of the Master. We can thank God that we are not as other men are, and can be bitter and critical and proud. We can, in fact, make the very knowledge that should save us into an idolatry that is our ruin.

'If a man say I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar', . . . 'Inasmuch as ye did it—inasmuch as ye did it not—unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me'. All through the New Testament, exclusiveness is the basic sin; for many of us, as for the disciples, the only way of deliverance from it is to be broken. We must die in order to live. And the creative fellowship that becomes possible for those who have thus passed through death into life manifests a power beyond all calculation. We can see it in the early Church: before Pentecost, a broken crowd of frightened and feeble folk clinging to the memory of their Master, encouraged by belief in His resurrection, and discovering in Him His divinity; after it, a community which was at one in Him, sharing His spirit, fulfilling His mission, turning the world upside down in His strength, and changing the whole course of history. Individually, the cowards became heroes, the boasters were humbled, and the tongue-tied spoke with power. In face of hostility and persecution, the number of converts grew immeasurably. Within a generation the disciples of the Crucified were being martyred in Nero's garden. Before the end of the century, there were Christians in the Imperial Court.

What is the secret of it? Of mankind, the statement seems often to be true that man is moral, while men are immoral. There is nothing more brutal than the crowd when mass-emotion degenerates into hysteria and panic fear. Nor is the docile and disciplined mob blindly obeying the dictates of its leader a very excellent sample of human collective. Robots may be terrifying; they cannot be sensitive or creative. Here is the crux of our problem. Surely it is how to maintain the full freedom and energy, the resourcefulness and initiative, of the individuals, and yet to combine them into a single and co-operative community. How can we reach a state of solidarity in which the society can display qualities of wisdom and courage out of all proportion greater than the sum of what the individual members can supply? How can democracy, in this hour of its trial and its opportunity, how can our countries and humanity, discover and share this fulness of life and energy and transforming power?

We cannot answer these questions in full, for such life is God's gift; but we can at least see certain conditions, that must be fulfilled if it is to be enabled. The first such condition is plainly the possession of a shared and integrating ideal, a loyalty which lifts every member of the society out of his self-esteem and his self-pity, a faith which satisfies and surpasses all our ordinary aspirations, and makes our life an adventure and a partnership. A cause identified with a person, a person embodying a cause, may give to our ideal form and purpose. Into this purpose a man enters, by the road of a love that leaves no room for doubt or fear, a love that satisfies and transcends all other desires and ambitions, a love that transforms. So entering, he learns to say like St. Paul: 'I live, yet not I, Christ lives in me'. If it is true, and it surely is true, that we human beings become what we love, then a group sharing such a love will inevitably grow into a complete integration of life; it will be of one heart and of one soul.

Challenge to Devotion

Secondly, there must be the common and concrete task, the explosive fact as it has been called, the particular event which challenges the group, calls out its devotion and gives to its energies their full and exhilarating release. When Jesus said to His followers so lately faithless, not only 'Do you love Me?', but 'Go, make disciples of all nations', the sheer impossibility of the task, the forgiving trust that inspired it, called out into action the limitless resources of their Lord; they received power, and all things became possible for them.

Thirdly, under this twofold inspiration, they discovered their own vital unity. They became a single organism, a unified and coherent community; they were linked, not as most of us are on the surface of our lives, by possessing a few common interests, or engaging in a particular shared profession: these men were at one in their deepest experience, in worship and penitence, in love and forgiveness. It is this love, free alike from exploitation and from sentimentality, that unites the divine and the human which Jesus in Himself united. It is this

(continued on page 264)

'Distinction of Persons'

The second of four talks on 'The Teller and the Told' by OWEN HOLLOWAY

I HAVE suggested that much of the art of the novel was to be found in the expression it gave to what I called the feeling of person*. You will agree that we should draw the line at any confusion between 'I', on the one hand, and 'he' or 'she' or 'they' on the other; it would not be easy to think of oneself in the third person, by name. At the same time, we should not get far with our associates unless we were able to put ourselves in their place. I think we can see a novelist's position in this respect if we consider the two extremes. It would not be safe to regard human beings all the time as a lawyer or a medical man may have to do, that is, as bundles of material interests or chemical reactions. But it would be equally dangerous to judge them only by what they themselves felt were their motives. I think we may presume a novel gravitates somewhat in this way between the two poles of first and third person.

The Sheep and the Goats

The crudest fiction will undoubtedly separate its characters into those whose motives the reader will know only in hostile fashion, from the outside, and those whose motives he is allowed to appreciate. I have heard it argued that a novel is bound to divide the sheep from the goats, because no one can identify himself with the interests of more than one person at a time, but I cannot myself believe that participation is so literal. That would be childish, and I believe in fact that the novelist can show us the way to overcome the unstable attachments that still remain in us from childhood. A child at first can scarcely get out of the vicious circle of its own inward life; its appreciation of anything other than itself is not really appreciation at all, but participation. Most of the time, it is identifying itself with what it would like to be—say, with its father—and this kind of identification is quite as likely to be hostile as tender, and attach as much to persons unloved as to those whom it has reason to like. When the reader of fiction finds, as Sterne says, that he is reading himself as much as the story, he has really fallen back on those chaotic partialities he had as a child; he has shut himself up again in himself. And, even in everyday life, are we not singularly possessive in the way we survey everything connected with us? Perhaps I am speaking only for myself. But surely that is what you see in dreams. One's strong feeling of being personally concerned arises from the fact that the dream merely represents different parts of oneself.

Before personal feelings properly so-called have come into being, the child, too, lives in a dream. For all the real conversation two children can enjoy, each one might as well be talking to himself: the speaker vents emotions, the listener demonstrates the reaction called for from its own private universe. The premium is on tone; any reference to matters of fact can only be by inference—not by statement in anything that could be called the third person. When the part played by the child, as speaker or as listener, is absolute, it is not his part, or a part, at all. It is only when he can make room for other points of view, and know where he (that is, 'I') stands, that he even acquires a self of his own.

What I do think we could set up as a principle is that what we call 'character' will be decided by the light in which the person in question is presented to us. *Manon Lescaut* is a good example. Generations of readers have explored her fascinating mixture of innocence and depravity, and marvelled at the seriousness with which she combined sensitiveness to a great passion with the rococo pursuit of pleasure. The author may have been inspired because, for once, he had put himself into his story. There was apparently such a lady; her name was Lenki, and it happened in London; she very nearly got him hanged for his pains.

I am sorry, but I must throw cold water on this sort of explanation. The real secret of *Manon* is the form in which the heroine is represented, not what is common knowledge about this class of woman, or some such woman in particular, or about women in that halcyon rococo paradise, or in general. She is what she is, not because Prévost was partial to women, for so was George Moore, but from the mode of

composition the author has adopted. She can be all things to all men because she is known to us only through the clouded witness of the one being, her lover, who would always, after whatever rebuffs, come back to a belief in her. You can test my contention by refusing to look at her with the hero's eyes, as a snobbish minority of readers did at the time. They judged her as merely a light woman, and her lover as a young fool, or worse. That might have been the finding of a court of law, but it is not the novelist's view. For him, the villains of the piece are not the rivals who dispute his hero's material possession of her but his prudent friends who challenge the justice of his delusions about her: it is entirely a matter of feeling.

What is also noticeable here is that the author's success is something that only the narrative medium could have managed for him. A contemporary critic could see he would never have been able to get the same effect in a drama; when Lessing went to a stage version of Rousseau's *New Eloisa* he found the very similar hero a nincompoop; in the dramatic form he could not be given credit for any more sense than he was able to demonstrate by his actions. In the novel, he had been, as it were, mirrored in the feelings of his two fair correspondents. That is what made the characters of a novel so different from those of the previous fictions of drama, in an older world. The convention was simply that when they were good, they were very, very good; and when they were bad, they were horrid. Even Shakespeare's psychological complexity—in 'Hamlet', say—does not entirely remove melodrama from what was the basis of character interpretation at the time. A century and a half later, literature has no clear-cut ethics; the presumption will be that the individual is an enigma. Take the greatest of novelists, who (I think) is Dostoevsky, and see what he writes in the fine preface to *The Brothers Karamazov*: 'I'm calling Alexey my hero, but I know quite well he's not a great man. In my eyes he's remarkable. I'm only doubtful whether I'll be able to convince the reader of it. One thing is certain, however: he is a strange man, and even eccentric'.

The way the enigmatic character creation first came into being did not look very promising, I admit, in the stilted style of the novel in letter form. Lovelace, in Richardson's *Clarissa*, has to declare about himself in the first person all that a highly moral author would say to castigate him in the third person, and so alludes to what he has to call 'my villainous designs'. This sort of thing seems a little comic, and yet you cannot say this of the method in its perfection in Lajos' *Dangerous Acquaintances*. There you cannot help seeing the truth of what Hazlitt wrote of Richardson, namely, that the medium in which such very remarkable villains and heroines are generated may be as false as you please 'in nature', but by the novelist's art it is made 'true to reason'. The villain is no longer merely villainous, nor the hero purely heroic, when something in the very way they are presented gives you, as it were, binocular vision of them.

First-personal Twist to Third-personal Form

This sort of device does not necessarily work the same way a second time. A first-personal twist to a third-personal form was how Dos Passos made his odious characters give their game away in his trilogy, *U.S.A.* When he writes, 'They stopped at the freight station, and Charley had to help load a lot of heavy packages', you know that it can only be Charley's own attitude of faint protest at the duty imposed on him. It is the trick Flaubert used in his novel *Sentimental Education*: the first-personal feelings of the ineffectual hero peeped out only, as it were, to be repressed immediately by the form in which they were couched. We do not now realise the horror and loathing this aroused in reviewers at the time, and it needed the brilliant analysis in Proust's essay of 1920 to bring to light the revolution Flaubert was requiring against the novelist's usual tendency to dramatise the fate of man. The poem of free will had given place to the prose of historical determinism.

Flaubert and Dos Passos forbid us to identify ourselves with their characters—or identify us with them in their weakness and not their

strength; they are humiliating to our self-esteem. The man for us, for an epoch of anarchy, is Stendhal. A novel by him will be the very apotheosis of individualism, even if it does not end happily: then, we say, it contains ethics 'for the happy few'. Stendhal confessed to Balzac the formula he liked to use. 'I take the sort of fellow I've personally come across', he wrote, 'and then ask myself: given these habits he's formed going off every morning on the pursuit of happiness, how would he behave if he were a bit more intelligent?' A Stendhal character, in short, is gifted with more than a little of his creator's own clairvoyance. This quality Stendhal epitomises in scenes, and utterances, so wonderful as to fall almost into the category of the *ben trovato*—or of the stage, for which he had once hoped to write. In *The Red and the Black*, for example, Mathilde shuts herself up in a disdainful indifference whenever she remembers she has been Julien's mistress. Julien's resource is to allow her to discover the facile conquest he has made of another great lady—to the intent that she should discover it. Mathilde is caught in the trap; all her resolutions break down. 'This', she cries, 'is something I'm not going to stand: forgetting me like this, when you're married to me!' It is all the more splendid because of the delayed riposte of the hero later in the book, to his own first love: 'She', he says, meaning Mathilde, 'may be my wife, but she's not my mistress, as you are'.

Battle of Wits

As you see, love or the novel in general in Stendhal is a battle of wits, like all the court intrigue in *The Charterhouse of Parma*: it is the stratagems of very superior men and women. You have in him what you have in Jane Austen, too: an intellectual quality of the author's mind is allowed a value in its own right. Personally, I do not think this is as rewarding a use of the language of person as it would be to set dull or even illiterate characters, and action, in a narrative that would miraculously be both at their level and yet also above and outside them. You get that in Faulkner. Even in Stendhal's own time, there was the challenge of Balzac. Stendhal, the psychologist, in the end understands human nature less well than Balzac. But Balzac is both less and more sympathetic, because he has gone one better than Stendhal in this novelist's language. You could apply to them what Mill wrote of Bentham and Coleridge, and say: 'To Stendhal it was given to discern those truths with which existing doctrines and institutions were at variance; to Balzac, the neglected truths which lay in them'. Stendhal goes no further than the modern individualist, but if you had used that term to Balzac, he would have replied that there was no such thing, that he knew of: 'society', he would say, 'so adapts men to the parts they have to play in it, that nowhere does one show himself identical with another'. That is, to him, they were not so much individuals, or, what comes to the same thing, a democratic mass, as different functions in the social organism.

That had already been realised long before by Furetière, a seventeenth-century author of what he called 'middle class' anti-romance; he said that no one character had any business to be more heroic than another. He was merely judging the hyperbole of the romances of his day by the supposed demands of real life; but literature is not life. A hero of the sort was still destined to be the centre of gravity of the modern novel, and it would seem that you could no more tolerate sheer weakness in him than you could in, say, your only son. But in Balzac, a weak creature like Lucien de Rubempré or a not wholly pleasant one like Vautrin, could still be all-important because of the unprecedented fact that the centre of gravity of the *Human Comedy*, or of any of these epics of the nineteenth century, was not in the individual novel at all. Balzac or Dickens, as I have said, must be considered as a whole, not by single books.

And there is one novelist who goes a stage further than they could, and that is Dostoevsky. The reason for which Raskolnikov yields to Sonia in prison at the end of *Crime and Punishment* is to my mind a better exploration of the data the novelist has taken as his theme than the superficially similar yielding of Julien in prison. Certainly Dostoevsky's account of the Karamazov sensuality as a self-corrective principle of existence is something more than Stendhal's ethics for the happy few. The more Stendhal devoted himself to the sight of his characters from within, to following out the freedom of their anarchic will, the more need he felt for the outward events of their story to be laid down for him in advance, and to be out of his control, by the fact of their having actually occurred. But Dostoevsky goes beyond this because he develops a dialectic of the will, of the rational and irrational in conduct. He saw and judged the individualism of the west.

It would be wrong to talk of art as if it were merely a matter of the contrast of personalities, or even of temperaments: the typical eighteenth-century liberal, the nineteenth-century conservative, or the prophet, of no time at all—Stendhal, Balzac, and Dostoevsky. Then you might very well ask where I put Dickens. Let us get back both to Dickens and to a constant formula of the novelist's idiom of person: that is, the ironic first person. You will find it used in imaginary letters, diaries, memoirs, or autobiography, and, last of all, in our own time in the ostensible silent monologue. What is ironic in it is the discrepancy between the acts and feelings of the hero, when he is his own historian, and the different impression that the reader on his part is perpetually encouraged to form. The historian himself is usually made to feel something of a pull between his later, sober judgment and the playful sympathy he has for the young thing he himself was. In the scene in which David Copperfield receives Uriah Heep in his rooms, he could not then speak out his feelings, but in his story they emerge as a foil to his outward acts: 'I could have thrown my bootjack at him (it lay ready on the rug)', he says; 'I believe I had a delirious idea of seizing the red-hot poker out of the fire, and running him through with it', he goes on, and this is what he is later made to dream he is doing, and so on.

The essence of the autobiographical style is the way it sets off understanding against ignorance. Even in *Pickwick*, already, the saint-like hero had been turn and turn about hero and victim, but in the boy-child formula, as Dickens called it, that came to perfection in *Great Expectations*, the hero is specifically an innocent, and by definition has always something to learn. Lessons are appropriate at that age, as they are not when Stendhal or Jane Austen lecture their characters. The boy's idealism, moreover, comes in handy; for either time of his life speaks like the other, at a moment's notice. From the point of view of the art, there is no inherent virtue in the boy-child, just as there is no special propriety about making a story literally a story, as told by a character in it. Anecdote may be the stuff of the short story, but more than that is needed to make a novel.

I know quite well that, for all that, a child narrator is the most endearing medium, because it is about the only thing *everybody* has been once—a child. An observant childhood, too, is the source of poetry. As Dickens wrote: 'Most grown men who are remarkable in this respect may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it'. It makes all the difference, however, that you are in fact a man, and not a child, though it is with what Dickens called a child's 'freshness, and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased'. Pip's impressions of Satis House are not merely his own first impressions: by the time they are related, and his expectations have faded, they are those shadowy recollections which

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
To perish never.

Or, as Pip is made to put it:

What could I become, with these surroundings? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty, yellow rooms? Miss Havisham and Estella, and the strange house and the strange life appeared to have something to do with everything that was picturesque.

Dream and Reality

Nevertheless, when as readers we view the book as a whole, as Pip did his life at the end of it, it is in another light as well; the book is not childhood and adolescence as such, but the play of dream and reality. The great novels of the world have perhaps been those which were animated by this idea of the difference between experience itself and the way it survives in memory, or in another world, as in *The Dream of the Red Chamber*. When this feeling forms the basis for an art in its own right, as it does in the novel, then there happens what Proust describes at the end of his great work: the elements of the original experience are quite irrationally but also quite precisely redistributed, in the web of a discursive narrative prose.

But that is really my next subject, and what I wanted to say here about this transcendent convention of the child as 'father to the man' is that it seems somehow native to narrative art, because it so perfectly shows the two senses of the word 'story': action, and the tale of it. When a novelist is able to convey this sense of the duality of his material, I think he may be said to be a master of the idiom of narrative identification, of 'person', as I have called it.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

February 3-9

Wednesday, February 3

Mr. Molotov proposes a referendum for the Germans on foreign policy

Five hundred pilgrims killed and 2,000 injured during a stampede at a religious festival in India

Thursday, February 4

Mr. Molotov rejects Mr. Eden's plan for the re-unification of Germany

The Commons debate Commonwealth Economic Conference recently held in Sydney

B.O.A.C. is to make fifty modifications in its Comet aircraft

Friday, February 5

Western Foreign Ministers reject Mr. Molotov's plan for the re-unification of Germany

It is announced that nearly 319,000 new houses were completed in Britain last year

Commons accept a motion calling for measures to ease overcrowding in prisons

Saturday, February 6

Western Foreign Ministers make new proposals to Mr. Molotov for free elections in Germany. Mr. Eden offers to extend treaty of friendship with Russia if the Soviet Union desires it

Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, arrives in London on a visit to Western Europe and Asia

Sunday, February 7

H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh attend service in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney

American-built medium bombers of the French Union Forces attack Viet-minh troops advancing in Laos

Temperatures rise in many parts of England after prolonged cold spell

Monday, February 8

After private meeting four Foreign Ministers agree in Berlin to discuss Austrian treaty

Commons debate control of nationalised industries

Restrictions on sales of coke abolished

Tuesday, February 9

M. Plevin, French Minister of Defence, arrives in Saigon to investigate military situation in Indo-China

Dr. Figl, the Austrian Foreign Minister, leaves Vienna to take part in treaty discussions in Berlin



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh driving through the streets of Sydney after their arrival in the liner *Gothic* on February 3. With temperatures in the nineties, thousands of people waited many hours to give an enthusiastic reception to the royal visitors at the start of their Australian tour. On February 4, Her Majesty opened the New South Wales parliament



Lord Llewellyn, Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, reading the address from the throne at the opening, on February 3, of the first parliament of the Federation at Salisbury



Right: 'General China', the second-in-command of the Mau Mau, who was captured last month by security forces in Kenya, photographed during his trial at Nyeri last week: he was sentenced to death



St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, who is starting a six-weeks' tour of Europe and Asia, visited London last week. This group was taken on Saturday when St. Laurent (extreme right) had luncheon with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill at 10 Downing Street. On the left are the Canadian Prime Minister's son and daughter.



Skating on the frozen Backs at Cambridge on Saturday. It is twenty-five years since conditions were severe enough for skating there. In the background is the tower of St. John's College chapel.



A memorial, designed by Mr. William McMillan, R.A., to Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown, the first airmen to make a non-stop flight across the Atlantic.



The scene on the banks of the River Severn last week as attempts were being made to salvage the *Britannia* airliner which made a forced landing on the mud flats of the river near Bristol during a test flight on February 4. The aircraft was finally dragged ashore on February 6 by a Churchill tank.



On February 6 the freedom of Belfast was conferred on the Royal Ulster Rifles: General Sir James Steele, Colonel of the regiment, received a casket and scroll from the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Alderman Sir Percival Brown. The photograph shows the ceremony in front of the city hall.

Left: 'Guernsey Landscape', a painting by Renoir, which has just been bought by the Tate Gallery. It was painted in 1883.

Party Political Broadcast

The New Approach to Industrial Relations

By HAROLD WATKINSON, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour and National Service

I WONDER what you do for a living—all of you sitting round your own firesides. It's your living that I am going to talk about tonight, and a problem that could threaten your future and your security. It's the problem of how our country is going to manage in an increasingly competitive world.

Let's have a look at the hard facts of the case. We're making steady progress, but the margin of safety on which our jobs and our standard of living rest is still terribly small. That's because we must remain dependent for so many things on the rest of the world. For example, your *Radio Times* needs imported paper. The food you had for supper came at least in part from overseas. The clothes you wear, the machines you use at your work and the raw materials they need, all depend on imports. We can only afford to buy these imports by selling abroad the goods and services which you will be helping to provide when you go to your work on Monday. Last year we sold abroad no less than £2,600,000,000 worth. But it was not enough.

This, then, is the toughest problem of our time. But perhaps you think all this sort of thing is nothing to do with you; that this is the Government's responsibility and they must make some great plan that will get us all out of our difficulties without much effort. That would be just too easy, if it were possible, but of course it cannot be done that way.

Today our main national capital is the skill of our hands and brains. The Government's job is to create the conditions in which we can use this capital to the best advantage. But Government can't do it all for us. So our future and our country's future really does depend on our own efforts. This isn't something to be depressed or defeatist about—it's a great challenge to our initiative and skill: a challenge that we shall best meet by trying to see industrial facts as they really exist, not as they are sometimes politically misrepresented.

As a Conservative Government we are determined to keep party politics out of industrial relations. We admire the public spirit with which the trade-union movement, and employers' associations, have proclaimed the need for working loyally with the government of the day. That is how we think the question of industrial survival should be handled. Really serious damage could be done to the good relations in industry if they are dragged into the arena of party politics. Nothing could do more than this to hamper our continued recovery.

Here is an example of the importance of keeping facts separate from political arguments—a question in which we are all deeply concerned: full employment. We can all be proud that, in these more competitive times, we have well under 400 000 people unemployed out of a working population of 23 500 000. But full employment is not something that any political party can just plan or promise into existence for you. Full employment depends not only upon Government but on our success in meeting the needs of our foreign customers all over the world. If we fail in that task, then we face mass unemployment and misery without any chance of escape. And we could fail in it, if we don't all pull our weight together and in the same direction.

Today, we in the Conservative Government believe that although we've made great progress

in two years, the problems facing us as a nation are still so big and so tough that we shall only solve them if we work together as a united team. This, then, is the first new idea which the Government believe that we must all bring to our daily work: good teamwork; the idea of working together, and of considering the national interest as well as our own personal problems.

Now, how can you apply this in your job? Let me make some suggestions which the Government would like you to consider carefully. If you're the boss, then it's one of your responsibilities to see that your employees understand enough about the facts of your business to take a proper view of their responsibilities. So do take them into your confidence. Tell them, for example, how the selling price of your product is made up: how much for raw materials; how much for wages; how much, or perhaps how little, for real profit. If you're a professional man, a scientist, or a technician, never forget that a great responsibility for our future rests on you. For only by new ideas and new skills can we out-distance our foreign competitors.

If you are a trade unionist, then do more than just carry your union card. Play your full democratic part in the work of your local union branch. Your movement is now one of the great buttresses of the state. It is and will be fully consulted at all times by the Government. But like all democratic institutions it could wither and die if it's not kept alive by the interest and participation of all its members. Above all, don't forget that it's only a prosperous industry that can maintain full employment and pay out high wages and earnings. So it really is in your interest to help keep your industry profitable and competitive.

If you're a housewife, you, too, have a vital part to play in the team: perhaps the most vital part of all, for no team plays well unless it is well fed and happy, and much of the responsibility for this task falls on you. I'm sure you will agree what a relief it is to find free choice, better quality, and often lower prices in the shops.

Of course it's very easy to give other people advice. We realise that the Government, too, has its own part to play in the team. We must first see that the nation appreciates the true facts of our economic and trading situation. This is a necessary background to all industrial negotiation. We're determined to interfere as little as possible in the negotiations themselves, or in industry as a whole, but none the less we have the clear duty of guarding the national interest.

Strikes by workers, and equally lock-outs by employers, must today be most carefully considered against the broad interests of the nation. It's intolerable that prolonged industrial strife and bad working relations in industry should spoil our chances of paying our way in the world. That's why, in the present Government, the Minister of Labour takes such great pains to act as an impartial conciliator. It's his job to see fair play in the national interest. And how well Sir Walter Monckton is performing this difficult and arduous task!

You know, to hear some people talk today you would think we were in the midst of a great wave of strikes and industrial unrest. What nonsense all this is! In the last six months more than seventy pay claims, affecting over 4,000,000 workers, have been settled through the ordinary

machinery of negotiation. And let me make it quite plain that relations between employers, trade-union leaders and the Government remain frank and friendly. Nor do we disagree about the main objectives ahead of us or about the necessity to have good human relations right through our industrial structure.

There's a dishonest and malicious story being put about that the Government is—in its policy—causing industrial unrest. The very reverse is true. Our policy has resulted in earnings running ahead of living costs, not always chasing behind them. The truth about the present industrial situation is that we were bound to go through a period of tough industrial bargaining when the cost of living stopped rising and when the end of a seller's market made it impossible for employers to add an automatic wage increase each year to the cost of their products.

But now that we are coming back to more normal conditions in industry the important point is: have we learned anything from the past? Are we going to try to improve our negotiating machine? In the narrow balance of our fortunes, are we prepared to put the interest of the nation before our own sectional demands? This is a problem that Her Majesty's Government hopes that employers and trade unionists will carefully consider. What the Government really wants to see in industry is that, at the end of the day, after negotiation or hard words or tough bargaining, the parties to any dispute should come to a settlement through their own voluntary machinery, and come to it without ill-feeling, with a quick restoration of harmonious relationships, and with the least interruption in output and efficiency. After all, we are all in the same boat, whatever job we do or whatever political coat we wear. We shall all sink or swim together.

Now a good team sets out to win, and that's what we've got to do in Great Britain. What tactics can we adopt that will best ensure the success of the team but will also let each one of us have a reasonable chance of scoring for himself. We believe the right way to do this is to have in industry high output and high earnings; in Government, sound and careful management of national affairs. The Government welcomes the fact that the average earnings for men in manufacturing industry are today over £9. 10s. a week. We want to see them go higher—provided only that they are pushed up by increased efficiency and output. This is not a 'grab all' economy. It's getting out your fair share of what you put in. That's sound tory doctrine. It's also sound national common sense.

This, then, is the second new idea that we want you to have in mind: that the best way of getting more money in your pay packet is to think more about production and less about basic wage rates, to concentrate on getting output up and costs down as the quickest way to increase our prosperity. Some of you may have heard of the British Productivity Council. Here's the very kind of partnership that we want to see in our national life: a partnership of employers and trade unionists working together as a team to find new methods of doing things more easily, more quickly, more efficiently, with the Government in the background ready to help whenever it can.

Now how do you play your part? First, we must all get our output and efficiency up. It's not

necessary to be actually making something to do this. You can be more efficient, whether it's your job to drive a bus or to assemble it on the production line. Then, as output and efficiency go up, costs will go down. That means we can reduce our prices and get more sales abroad. As a result we shall all get what we want: higher earnings with lower cost of living and real national prosperity. You know if we all did this next week, why, our whole national economy could be transformed.

Now let me make our position quite clear on this most important matter. We don't believe in putting a stopper on everything. We don't think any government should lay down a wages policy, and we certainly don't believe in bribing the electorate by offering millions of pounds worth of extra subsidies and state payments that could only be met by a very large increase in taxation. That's only taking money out of one of your pockets to put it in another. Indeed, we don't understand how any government could hope to increase national prosperity on the socialist plan of more controls, more taxation, and more nationalisation.

I don't doubt the sincerity of those who advocate these policies. I only want to make it plain that a Conservative Government believes that they cannot work. We want no limit on wages and earnings provided that all increases rest securely on increased output and efficiency. Equally, we see nothing wrong in companies earning a reasonable margin of profit. How else can they afford to buy the new plant and new equipment which is the only sure guarantee of

a prosperous future for themselves, and thus high earnings and full employment for their employees?

As the Government sees it, it's really all a question of what you want to put first in your priorities: the size of the national cake itself or the size of the slice that we all want to get out of it. Some people seem to be so worried about trying to get a crumb more or fearing to get a crumb less out of their slice that they forgot all about the fact that there are no crumbs at all if there's no cake. Our first priority as a Government is to try as hard as we can to enlarge the size of the national cake, to keep on making it bigger and richer all the time because we know that as long as it keeps on growing so will our own slice out of it.

This new policy of plenty that we're trying to bring about is still a little strange to us all. I often think it's because there is so much more food and other things in the shops that our money doesn't seem to go as far as it did. Certainly, you can't eat nearly a third more meat without having to pay for it in the housekeeping. But I'm sure none of us want to return to an eightpenny meat ration for the sake of smaller bills. And, you know, food prices really have been falling over the past six months if you take the only fair basis of comparison, the normal range of spending of the average household. It's just not true to talk about a dear food policy when there are eggs at 2½d. each, when potatoes, and bacon, imported mutton, and many other basic foods, such as green vegetables and fruit, have all fallen in price in the last six

months. I know that other things like butter and tea have risen, but the important thing is that on balance we're better off.

The Index of Retail Prices which you've heard such a lot about recently was always used by the socialist government as the fairest method of measuring the cost of living. This Index has been steady now for the longest period since it was started. You know, I don't think it's very sensible for the Opposition at the moment to misrepresent it as being inaccurate because it doesn't prove their political point. Surely there should be no party politics in this quite impartial piece of statistical analysis for which 100,000 fresh price quotations are taken every month to keep it up to date and fair, and which is accepted by millions of workers as the scale to which their wages are pegged.

Now I'd like to finish by restating this new approach to the challenge of our times. It's the idea of team-work, the idea of high earnings linked to high output, the idea of planning a lively, expanding economy, that we offer you today as the new and successful solution for the new problems that will face us in the second half of this turbulent challenging century. Will you think about these things? Will you see how you can play your part in the national team? Will you see how you can be more productive and more efficient in your daily work? Most important of all, will you think occasionally not only of your own problems but of the great and inspiring task of expansion and prosperity to which we are all committed?

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Beliefs of Science

Sir,—In his attack on the excellent broadcast of the Rev. E. H. Robertson, Mr. Brown introduces the distinction between facts and theories as if he himself had discovered it in 1950. Most of us are by now fairly familiar with this difference, but the difficulty has always been to decide what a fact is and what a theory. Let us just consider Mr. Brown's own definition, according to which 'facts are not in doubt because they are assertions that any normal person could verify'. Is this a statement of fact, or a theory?

If a theory, why be so dogmatic about it? If it is a fact, I would consider it as a rather shaky one, because it is bound up with such dubious terms as 'normal' and 'could'. Or does Mr. Brown wish to assert that a 'normal person' is a fact?

And, further, since when is a mere possibility regarded as a 'fact'? I would have thought that it becomes one only under certain definite circumstances, which he omits to state. These actual circumstances, under which the 'verification' by 'normal persons' takes place, were just the subject-matter of Dr. Polanyi's observations, which therefore stayed nearer the 'facts' than Mr. Brown's general views about the possibilities of normal people.

This controversy again shows that the religious mind can have a better grasp of the conditions under which scientific thought operates than either the practising scientific worker or the philosophical dupe of his prestige.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

EDWARD CONZE

The Author of 'The Golden Bough'

Sir,—My necessarily brief account (THE LISTENER, January 21) of some of the changes which the study of religions has undergone during the past sixty years was intended to be descriptive rather than argumentative. I would not contend that all these developments have been for the best, or that all subsequent criticisms of the earlier great workers in the field are uniformly valid. The suppositions, seemingly shared by some of your correspondents, that the study came to a full stop with Robertson Smith and Frazer, and that the hypotheses and theories of the latter have (in spite of his own expectations and wishes) hardened into undisputed dogmas, indicate that some such an account, however inadequate, is not wholly superfluous.

But I do not disguise my view that increasing recognition of the 'position of the observer', and of its influence upon the phenomena and their treatment, is to be welcomed no less in the 'sciences of life' than in the 'sciences of dead matter'; nor do I find cause for regret if the results have considerably dulled the edge of comparative religion as a weapon for ideological polemics.

Mr. Crawford may be comforted to know that I personally experienced no hint of 'suppression' when, on a previous occasion, I discussed 'resemblances between the Eucharist and pagan ritual' on the Third Programme and in print (in my *God and the Unconscious*). If his own proposed title—'The Mass regarded as a Fertility Rite'—sounds a little antiquated, could this be because we have grown more sus-

picious of the fallacy that likeness in certain respects implies identity in every respect, and more aware that unbiased empiricism requires that no less attention be paid to manifest unlikenesses than to manifest likenesses?

I would not dispute with Dr. Loudon the right and ability of the creedless humanist to study religious phenomena with profit: indeed, I would go further and assert that such an idiosyncrasy as 'rational belief in God as an exterior entity' could be a positive handicap to understanding sympathy with actual religions. But I think that Dr. Loudon's analogy with the celibate's 'understanding' of sex will hardly satisfy the phenomenologist, whose contention is that the mainspring of religion is always found to be an *I-Thou* relationship which must elude adequate discussion in terms of *I-It*. Let him who has not been in love 'observe, analyse, and understand' another's beloved, let him dismiss as irrelevant the beloved's existence, let him 'compare' her with the 'other pebbles on the beach', let him finally 'explain' the whole relationship in terms of something else (e.g., biochemistry or economics), and we may judge more fairly how much or how little is to be said for the phenomenologist's position.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

Sir,—Mr. Gerald Walters must be reminded that the issue is not my own views on dogma and myth, nor his. The issue is the basic implications of the truthful and scholarly researches of Sir James Frazer. And—reluctantly I must add—so far from 'equating all myth

with "inherited superstition", that is just what I have been seeking to avoid in all my writing and talking. Further, it seems to me essential to resist the facile belief that 'myths' are all of one kind. Scientific history cannot be so lightly and complacently evaded.

Anyone who knew the author of *The Golden Bough*—and not just knew about him—is aware of the combination in him of a scrupulously scientific approach with a deeply philosophic and religious concern.—Yours, etc.,

Barfreystone

C. J. WRIGHT

Sir,—Mr. Gerald Walters' doctrine that the Virgin birth and Resurrection, being dogmas, are spiritual facts independent of history is not a new one, but he seems not to realise its implications. The whole Bible is concerned with dogma, and it is therefore nonsensical, on his showing, to suggest that any statement in the Bible is historically true or untrue.—Yours, etc.,

Usk

RAGLAN

Portrait of Ibn Saud

Sir,—In his most interesting talk 'Portrait of Ibn Saud' (THE LISTENER, February 4), Sir Reader Bullard states that the King made only two visits to foreign countries. He has omitted the visit to Cairo in January, 1946. Later that year, if my memory serves me aright, Ibn Saud attended a conference of the Chiefs of the Arab States at King Farouk's palace at Inshass. The postage stamps issued in commemoration—one of which bears the portrait of Ibn Saud—are dated May 28, 1946, so that this was presumably a separate, and so fourth, occasion of a foreign visit.—Yours, etc.,

Monkton, Combe

K. R. HAYWARD

Modern Art in Finland

Sir,—In reading Mr. J. Hampden Jackson's talk about modern art in Finland (THE LISTENER, January 21) as represented at the exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, we in Finland did appreciate Mr. Jackson's sympathetic attitude towards our country and its art, and, in most respects, we agreed with his judgment of the show. A few of his statements, however, have somewhat surprised us.

Mr. Jackson seems to have set his heart on looking at the exhibition from a romantic point of view, regarding each object as the result of a gradual development from our medieval art. He says, for instance, that he sees 'a direct line' from the hand-woven things in the farmer's wife's kitchen to Dora Jung's tapestry 'Doves'. And yet, the motif of this special work of art is in no way Finnish, rather Japanese, as some experts have said. And as for the technique, it represents something unique in Finnish art, and has never been used here before: pastel-coloured figures on a steel-grey background of damask.

Neither is our modern glassware typically Finnish in a traditional sense. The exhibits of Kaj Franck, for instance, at the show are, according to himself, as modern in conception and as far from any influence of the past as can be.

And, lastly, what does Mr. Jackson mean by saying that our vases are made 'for a single bloom, in a country where flowers are too rare to be bunched'? Please, Mr. Jackson, come to Finland, and we will present you with large bunches of flowers.—Yours, etc.,

Brändö, Helsingfors

ULLA HAUSEN

Point d'orgue baroque

Sir,—Mr. Dyneley Hussey's amusing treatment of the discussion on the baroque organ would have been more to the point if the Sprudelquieckende team had not outnumbered their opponent—for, to my great surprise,

Diapason Darke had no room to captain and found himself the victim of a three-to-one onslaught from the Baroque end.

No one will deny that much British organ building has concentrated on sheer size and power and that many of our organists have been beguiled by these resources into playing Bach in a manner more suited to Liszt or Reubke. But Dr. Darke and other fine organists have shown that it is not necessary to use heavy leathern diapasons and tubas on twenty-inch wind when playing Bach on the traditional English organ, which generally has a wealth of varied soft stops not to be found on the Steinkirchen type of instrument. Its main defect, as Dr. Darke admitted, is its lack of clear, independent pedal stops, and recent organs by British builders suggest that notice is being taken of this defect.

As Professor Westrup pointed out, the organ broadcasts and records less well than almost anything else, so it is not safe to base a final judgment on an organ's quality from gramophone or radio hearings. As far as clarity is concerned, the Steinkirchen organ, as played by Mr. Geraint Jones, passes this test very well; but is clarity all we want in an organ? Mr. Hussey refers to Dr. Darke's playing at St. Michael's, Cornhill, as 'luminous and beautiful in tone quality', and it is these characteristics which I find lacking in the Steinkirchen records. Tone quality is a matter of personal taste, but we ought to try to make some kind of definition of what we mean by the term, for it is on the actual sound produced by the pipes that we express our pro- or anti-baroque preferences. To me, the tone of the Steinkirchen organ sounds dull and lacking in variety, the wind seems unsteady, as if an uneven tremulant were going the whole time, and the mutations and mixtures suggest actual wrong notes rather than the silvery harmonics they are supposed to supply.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol, 8

HERBERT BYARD

'The Record Year 2'

Sir,—Your reviewer of *The Record Year 2* is surely a little too sweeping in his statement that 'long-playing records have ousted 78s so completely that the older type is fast becoming a collector's antique'.

In the case of the mass of 'popular hits' that are the mainstay of the recording companies' prosperity (or so we are told) the LP mode has very limited application, for the demand is generally for a single 'number'. Often, indeed, the 'number' on the reverse side is considered by the buyer to be superfluous.

With standard music LP clearly has more scope. Even here, though, there is plenty of evidence of a stubborn resistance by many music-lovers to the expense of changing over to long-playing equipment, in spite of the denial to them by the record companies recently of any major works on 78 r.p.m. discs (they could be excused for suspecting that there is a conspiracy afoot to drive them to LPs!).

But most fundamental of all is the thought that the long-playing mode is a negation of the true spirit of the gramophone. A desire to listen to extended works can be met more than adequately by the radio, whose offerings are copious and varied enough to root the average listener to his chair every night. The purpose of the gramophone record should be to supplement this radio listening or attendance at 'live' performance by furnishing an ideal medium for 'biting bits out of music'. The ordinary listener cannot do this to an LP without the risk of damage. He can with the four-minute disc—to within a single chord.

I cannot help feeling that the heavy publicity for LP will in the end rebound disadvantage-

ously from the heads of the recording authorities by reducing the sales of standard music on discs for precisely the above reasons.

Yours, etc.,

Knebworth

JACK HUM

George Crabbe

Sir,—It is the intention of the Aldeburgh Festival Committee to include in its programme for this year from June 12-20, 1954, an exhibit of the life and writings of the Suffolk poet George Crabbe (1754-1832) whose bicentenary it will be. Among other things, it is proposed to compile a bibliography of first editions of Crabbe's works in addition to the material which will be exhibited at the festival, and anyone who has books, letters, etc., which they think might be of interest and would be willing to lend for the exhibition, should write to me.—Yours, etc.,

County Library,

W. G. SANFORD

County Hall, Ipswich

County Librarian

Winter Harvest

Sir,—In reply to Mr. R. C. Lambeth, Rural Industries Organiser, I do feel he is not being fair either to Mr. Ivor Jones or to Mr. Piggin.

I think it was Mr. Piggin's point that the life of straw, in this age of artificial fertilisers and mechanical threshing, has been considerably reduced, and he did not intend his expression to be taken literally. High labour charges no longer make straw thatching an economical proposition since a straw-thatched roof nowadays requires further coats of straw every eight to ten years.

Mr. Lambeth will appreciate that Norfolk reed is being more extensively used to replace straw because it is much more economical in the long run, although the initial cost is higher, and will, as Mr. Lambeth states, last at least fifty to eighty years. In fact, we have known roofs to be more than 100 years old.

Reed thatching, incidentally, is a much older form of roofing than straw thatching. Reed was used in the Middle East in the days of King Solomon, not only for roofs but also as a building material forming the basis of columns which were afterwards daubed with clay. The earliest records of thatch in this country date back to the year 642.—Yours, etc.,

Chorley Wood

HAROLD E. G. SALKILLD

Director, Norfolk Reed Thatchers

The Way to God through Fellowship

(continued from page 257)

which keeps the love of God and the love of man in their true relationship, this which guides us from the love of the many to the love of the all.

For us, in the west, with our traditional and dominant individualism, such a message of the religious value of fellowship is perhaps particularly appropriate. How, after all, can a man love God, Whom he has not seen, if he does not love his brother whom he has seen? Surely it is as we become aware of the worth and loveliness of common men and women, and as we discover the joy of sharing with them in the creative tasks of our day and generation, that we gain, and gain most richly, the experience of being united with them in a life larger, richer, and more abundant than our own. It is thus that we find ourselves made aware, through them, of that which is beyond them: thus that, from the fellowship of men, we discover the fellowship of men with God.—Home Service

February in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

THE recent severe weather has meant keeping the fires going continually to keep the frost out of the greenhouses, and I am afraid that plants in the many unheated greenhouses will have suffered rather badly. While geraniums will not stand very much frost, fuchsias will often come safely through quite a few degrees. Frost will often kill the tops, but below the soil they will possibly be unharmed. I mention this because you might look at your fuchsia plants, decide they are dead, and throw them away. We can take the hardy outdoor fuchsia as an example: more often than not in parts of the country the tops are killed every winter but every spring they send up fresh growths from below ground-level and flower as freely as ever. The same can happen to the indoor varieties, so do not throw them away until you are quite sure the roots are dead too; it is more than likely that they will not be. Fuchsias that have not been touched by frost should be ready for pruning, and this should be really drastic. If you have standard fuchsias, cut all the growths made last year back to within half an inch of the main stem: all you will have left is the straight stem with a few spurs on. The smaller bush plants can be treated in the same way. If there are any cuttings on them, you can put them in now if you have a nice warm frame. They will quickly root and make nice plants for flowering during the coming summer.

Plants in Cold Frames

Plants in cold frames have been suffering, too, not so much from the severe cold as from having to be kept closed up under the darkness of the frame coverings or the thick mantle of snow. When they have to be kept closed like this the atmosphere inside becomes, if not frozen, damp and stagnant with a large amount of moisture condensed on the glass and sides of the frames. This quickly sets up what the gardener so commonly calls 'damp'. Actually, it is a fungus; you will no doubt have seen it—that greyish mould which will quickly affect the leaves and stems of plants, killing the tissue as it spreads. As soon as the temperature has risen above freezing, open up the frames and pick off any leaves affected with the mould and remove them from the frame to prevent it from spreading, and give the frame as much ventilation as possible until the temperature begins to fall again. The secret of wintering plants of the not-so-hardy types successfully in frames is giving them fresh air whenever the outside temperature is above freezing point.

So much for the damaging effect of frost and snow: now what about the good that it has done? This is most noticeable on ground that is heavy or clayey. If you did get most of your winter digging done, then when seed-sowing time comes round you will find the soil will crumble down and quickly make a nice fine tilth, ideal for sowing the seed. If your runner bean and sweet pea trenches were made and left open, then the frost and snow will have done them a world of good.

The work we can do outside this month will depend so much on the weather. One thing we must do, and that is protect our gooseberry bushes, plum trees, and others from the birds: they have already started nipping out some of the plump fruit buds. In the country it is mostly bullfinches, but in the towns it is the sparrows which can be so troublesome. Small bushes, such as gooseberries, can be protected with black cotton stranded from branch to branch, but this is impossible on the larger trees. I think perhaps the best way is to spray the bushes and trees with a handful of alum dissolved in a gallon of water.

In the vegetable garden it is much too early to think of sowing any of the seed just yet. The soil will still be very cold. The only things we might be able to put in are shallots, but do not attempt this if the soil is wet and cold.

Before the frosts came the rhubarb crowns were getting very prominent. It would be well worth your while putting an upturned bucket or box over the strongest crowns, and if you can give them further protection by putting some straw or bracken or even leaves round and over the bucket or box, you will soon have some nice, tender, pinkish sticks of rhubarb for pulling, and these of course at a time when they are still quite expensive to buy.

In greenhouses where there is a little warmth it is time to be sowing antirrhinums, salvias, petunias, lobelia, begonias, sweet peas, onions, tomatoes, and others, and I think it would be well worth while discussing the way seed should be sown and how failures can be avoided. Last month I mentioned the kind of soil to use—if you have not got good soil you can buy it already mixed up. The soil mixture I recommended is two parts good loam passed through a half-inch riddle, one part peat, one part coarse sand, and to each bushel of the mixture add one-and-a-half ounces of superphosphate of lime and three-quarters of an ounce of ground limestone or chalk. A question you might ask is: 'Why is this necessary? We don't have to go to this trouble when we sow outside'. It is true we do not, but we have to remember that most of the seeds we sow under glass are, if anything, more tender and need that extra care; but of greater importance still, we are sowing under artificial conditions. We add the peat to the soil to provide the humus and this will absorb and hold sufficient moisture; we add the coarse sand to keep the soil open and allow the surplus moisture to drain away. This is necessary because we want air in the soil as well as moisture if germination is to be successful.

Having got the right kind of soil, we do not finish there: the boxes or pots must be clean and at the bottom we put some pieces of broken flower-pot to make sure the surplus water can get away freely. In seed boxes a single layer over the bottom is sufficient, but when sowing in pots I like to quarter-fill them with the broken pot, or what we term crocks. Over the crocks place some rough leaf mould or peat to keep the drainage clear, and then they are ready for the soil. The soil should not be too wet, otherwise it will go down too solid. I like to test it by taking a handful, squeezing it in the hand, and then when the hand is opened the soil should begin to fall away and not stick together in a solid mass. Fill the box or pot to the top and press with the tips of the fingers until the soil is moderately firm all over. After this a little more soil may be required, as the finished level should be about a quarter of an inch below the top of the box. Next, with a piece of board, lightly press the surface so that it is perfectly level all over. This level surface is most important: if it is not level the water will run to the lowest parts, the other parts will be dry underneath, and if watering has to be done after the seed is sown, small seeds will all wash to the lowest places. When you have made the surface level, sprinkle a little sand all over, then get the watering can with a fine rose and give the box or pot a good watering. It may need two waterings to soak the soil right through. Leave it for an hour or so and then it is ready for sowing.

Sowing Seed Thinly

The seed must be sown thinly: if it is a small seed, such as lobelia or begonia, I find it is best to put the seed on to a piece of white paper, lightly tap the paper over the surface of the soil, keeping it moving all the time, and you can see the seeds rolling off. The smaller the seed the less they need covering. For begonias and lobelia, all I do is just give them another light sprinkling of sand, for the larger seed a light sprinkling of the seed soil. They need no further pressing or watering; in fact, in most cases they will not want any more water until the seed has come up. Put over the box a piece of glass and a sheet of newspaper and put it in the warmest part of the greenhouse, but not directly on top of the hot water pipes. Turn the glass every day or so, and as soon as the seed is up, take off the newspaper and glass and put the seedlings as near the glass as you can.—*From a talk in the Midland Home Service*

Mr. J. L. Hodson's novel *Grey Dawn—Red Night* which was first published in 1929 and was generally acclaimed as one of the most notable war novels of the 1914-18 war, has now been reissued. The story of its re-appearance was told by Mr. Hodson in a talk which was printed in *THE LISTENER* last month under the title 'An Author's Adventure in Publishing'. The book is distributed by Simpkin Marshall and its price is 7s. 6d.

Art

Rubens Sketches at Rotterdam

By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

WHEN plans were being laid for the current exhibition of Flemish painting at Burlington House, it was learnt that a project was already on foot for an exhibition of Rubens sketches at the Boymans Museum at Rotterdam. The Royal Academy generously agreed that the later and larger should not compete with the earlier and smaller exhibition, and as a result of their self-abnegation a number of oil sketches from English collections which would in the normal course have been shown at Burlington House are actually to be seen at Rotterdam.

Of all great artists Rubens is the most difficult to compress within the limits of an exhibition.

Even if we assembled beneath one roof all the completed paintings from Munich, Vienna, and Madrid, Brussels, Paris, and London, with the altarpieces from Antwerp and Malines, we would still have an imperfect picture of the Rubens who stands beside Bernini as the champion of baroque style. We would, for example, know nothing of great decorative projects, like the ceiling of the church of St. Charles Borromeo in Antwerp, which was destroyed by fire in 1718, ninety-eight years after Rubens began work there. We would know nothing of tapestry designs like those of the 'History of Constantine', planned in 1621 for Louis XIII of France, or the 'Triumph of the Eucharist' planned six years later for a convent in Madrid, or the 'Story of Achilles'. And of the secular decorations for the Luxembourg and the Torre della Parada near Madrid we would know only what could be learnt from the heavily executed paintings in the Louvre (where Rubens was extensively assisted by his pupils) and the featureless canvases signed by Theodor van Thulden and other artists in Madrid. For knowledge of all these it is to Rubens' sketches that we must turn.

The view has been canvassed since the opening of the Flemish exhibition at Burlington House that an *omnium gatherum* is of greater value than a more orderly type of exhibition. Certainly at the Boymans Museum believers in the merits of muddle will find much to which they object: the paintings, they will protest, have been too well selected, too fully catalogued, and too sensitively hung. But this is not an exhibition for specialists (though it bristles with challenges which specialists, if they were intellectually curious, would accept) or painters (though there are few painters who could not learn from it), so much as for intelligent amateurs who wish to broaden and enrich their knowledge of one of the world's greatest artists. The story it tells to the ordinary visitor is indeed enthralling in its directness and simplicity.

Simple, that is, in all save its initial phase, for though the exhibition gets off to a first-rate start with the beautiful 'Adoration of the Magi' lent by Mr. Christopher Norris and the *modelletto* for the Vallicella altarpiece from Potsdam, there are certain paintings in the opening room at which the eye, however disciplined, rebels. This strange little 'Entombment' which looks forward to Watts, this sketch of 'St.

Martin and the Beggar' which looks back to Van Dyck, this study related to the Balthasar in the 'Adoration of the Magi' in Madrid, can these really be by Rubens? Experts on Rubens, more even than experts on other artists, demand from time to time that we should make an act of faith, and in front of reproductions we can often comply. But when confronted with originals, reason comes once more to the fore, and we find ourselves involuntarily asking why, in widely accepted sketches like the Chicago 'Arrest of Samson' and the 'Adoration of the Magi' from Groningen, the handling and the sense of form are so extraordinarily different from those in Rubens' authenticated works.

With the sketches for the Jesuit church in Antwerp the exhibition gets into its stride. Throughout these ceiling paintings Rubens employed that favourite device of Veronese, a sharply receding perspective scheme visualised from below, so that the figures seem to be standing on a ramp sloping away from us. Only one of these designs is familiar in this country, that of the 'St. Barbara' which exists in a preliminary version at Oxford and in a later form in the Dulwich gallery, both shown at the Boymans Museum. Less well known, and almost unnoticed in Rubens literature, is the magnificent sketch for the 'Institution of the Eucharist' lent to Rotterdam by the Newhouse Galleries in New York. In this and companion sketches like the 'Elijah in the Fiery Chariot' from a New York private collection and the 'St. Michael overcoming Satan' from the Willems collection in Brussels, Rubens emerges as the most progressive European painter of his time, at one bound outstripping the timid exponents of Italian baroque.



'The Fall of Icarus', by Rubens, from the Musées Royaux des Beaux Arts, Brussels

With the designs for the Achilles tapestries the Boymans Museum itself has a special contribution to make, for it is the fortunate owner of seven sketches from this series. These are shown with two highly finished *modelli* from Pau, 'Thetis receiving the Arms of Vulcan for Achilles' and the 'Death of Hector', which are more than twice the size of the preliminary sketches. Here we have a fascinating illustration of how, as Rubens' compositions grew, the narrative became more rational and the rhythms less abrupt. More surprising, because less accessible, are the studies for the Eucharist tapestries, above all two sketches from the Heugel collection in Paris, which show in every stroke a quivering intensity of handling that Rubens seldom surpassed.

The sketches made in the last ten years of Rubens' life attest some slackening in his creative capacity. In the exhibition these fall into two main groups. The first consists of studies for the ceiling at Whitehall, and the second of studies for the Torre della Parada decorations. In some of the latter, by the standards of Rubens' earlier work, the pictorial idea is distressingly conventional and the execution weak. But in two more sketches from Brussels, the 'Fall of Icarus' and the 'Fall of Phaeton', the representational difficulties of the subjects re-kindled in Rubens his old animation and virtuosity, and inspired two of the most spectacular images in baroque art.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Prophet Armed. Trotsky: 1879-1921. By I. Deutscher. Oxford. 30s.

AS EPIGRAPH TO the first volume of his monumental biography of Trotsky, Mr. Deutscher has selected a passage from Machiavelli which includes the following: 'All armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed'. More than 400 years passed until Stalin capped this absurdity by enquiring 'How many divisions has the Pope?' Indeed the career of Trotsky amply demonstrates how a prophet, though armed, can be defeated. For in 1921 Trotsky was at the height of his power. He had contributed more than anyone to victory in the civil war; he had built the Red Army almost single-handed; and he had sided firmly with Lenin in his bid to ensure communist survival in the teeth of nation-wide opposition. Yet in so doing Trotsky was false to that instinctive repugnance to the method of governing by a party dictatorship which had for years, until 1917, kept him and Lenin wide apart. In siding with Lenin in 1921 he prepared the way for his own political downfall a few years later.

Mr. Deutscher has produced a biography of rare excellence, written with that sympathy and understanding for his subject without which no biography should be attempted. He has succeeded in conveying much of the fire and colour of this fascinating, brilliant, yet somewhat enigmatic personality, who succeeded in winning the admiration of so many who were in no sympathy with Bolshevism. Stalin, even Lenin, spoke a language that severed all links with the old, normal world of pre-1914. Trotsky, even at the height of his power, still contrived to keep some hint of a bond with what he once half-affectionately called 'that old canaille, Europe'. Mr. Deutscher has fully utilised not only the vast published documentation, but also the private papers of Trotsky which are now deposited at the Houghton Library, Harvard University. But he handles his materials with consummate skill, and the narrative, while always documented, never flags, and at times rises to brilliance.

But where this book fails is in historical judgment. Perhaps just because it is so good a biography of the man, it tends to see the historical background, against which the Russian revolutionary movement and the soviet system developed, through the eyes of one of its main figures. The well-meaning Alexander II is dismissed as a reactionary who disappointed the hopes raised by the false dawn of his reforms. Yet Alexander had secretly agreed to important new constitutional reforms on the very eve of his assassination. Witte was 'interested only in sham constitutionalism', and Miliukov is cited in support of this view. One would scarcely recognise the minister who strove according to his lights to reconcile the reactionary autocracy which he served with progressive reforms, and who was frustrated largely by the intransigence of the radical Miliukov and his like. Nor is Mr. Deutscher quite fair to the socialist opposition, which Lenin, with Trotsky's support, destroyed. He tries to justify Trotsky's part in suppressing the revolt of the Kronstadt sailors, though this event more than anything else paved the way for the rigid communist party autocracy which Lenin set up thereafter. He implies that this was forced on Trotsky by circumstances, against his conscience. But the fact remains that writing years later in exile, after all his experience of the sequel to Lenin's policy from which he suffered,

Trotsky still claimed the suppression to have been justified. Mr. Deutscher cannot have it both ways. Throughout his narrative of the course of the revolution and of the early years of communist rule he is at pains to stress that the Bolsheviks were 'forced' to take this measure, or 'compelled' to take that measure. He may be right, in the sense that a burglar surprised by an armed householder may be forced to shoot to save his own skin. But, if it be the case that the Bolshevik revolution as led by Lenin and Trotsky had to follow an inevitable course through chaos to tyranny, then more understanding is due to those who tried, and failed, to achieve progress without Lenin's type of revolution.

Inevitably Trotsky invites comparison with Lenin. Mr. Deutscher has nailed once and for all the lies sedulously spread by Stalin about Trotsky's disloyalty to Lenin or the revolution. No more loyal supporter, often against his better judgment or instinct, ever served Lenin—and served him to his own undoing. Without Trotsky, Lenin's seizure of power might never have been achieved. Yet, what a difference of personality! There is Trotsky's blunt, tactless, yet attractive, frankness, compared with Lenin's skill in always saying rather less than he meant to do. Both men were in love with revolution. But Lenin was so absorbed in the means that he lost sight of the ends. For Trotsky, the ultimate human end was always somewhere in mind. Perhaps just because he accepted Lenin's doctrine so late he was less of a slave to it than Lenin. In the result, he had remarkable flashes of vision, far ahead of any of his contemporaries or successors. Yet with all that, Trotsky never saw, any more than Lenin did, that if once a minority seeks to hold power by force of arms, the result can only be tyranny. As Bukharin said, in private conversation with Kamenev in 1928, all the disasters of Stalin's regime could be traced to a single mistake: the identification of the party with the state. This identification began on October 25, 1917, and Trotsky played a very large part in bringing it about.

Ernest Hemingway

By Philip Young. Bell. 12s. 6d.

Hemingway has always been intensely pre-occupied with violence; in fact his novels and short stories are hardly ever about anything but violence and death. This preoccupation is central to Mr. Young's critical study of Hemingway's work. His world, Mr. Young maintains, is ultimately 'a world of war', either literally, or in the sense of a world where violence is always there, potential or present. Mr. Young makes out a good case for Hemingway's being unable to make anything else but violence and death the centre of his world: Hemingway, he shows, received wounds during his boyhood and manhood; and these wounds, which were physical and psychological, came to a climax when he was badly wounded on the river bank on July 8, 1918, at Fossalta di Piave.

Mr. Young's contention is, briefly, that Hemingway has been intolerably haunted by the incidents of his various woundings—whether physical or other, and that he therefore writes to get rid of them, to forget. This contention is borne out by the fact that his work, in fiction and in non-fiction, is more nearly consistently autobiographical than that of most writers, as Mr. Young shows most clearly in his analysis

of the various short stories about Nick Adams, and indeed, in discussing Hemingway's work generally. Hemingway's famous detachment, his objectivity, then, is present because he is writing about himself—or in spite of that. His bare, terse manner keeps his emotion under control because he does not want it to defeat him: speculation is alien to this way of writing; thinking about his 'wounds' is what Hemingway does not want to do. He is, of course, always aware of exactly what he is doing with his prose style: his apparently colloquial manner is deceptive; his art is extremely conscious. And yet this violence he wishes to forget, fascinates him too much; so that one feels that he has a belief in the virtue of violence, and of toughness and endurance; his accounts of these things, therefore, are not always detached.

Mr. Young sees him as a man who has broken with society because what he has suffered, and what many others have, too, is condoned by it: he prefers the outcasts, men who are 'casualties' like himself, characters like Henry Morgan of *To Have and Have Not*, who are against society. More surprisingly, Hemingway, and his heroes, try to live by the sort of 'code' that such men have. Mr. Young instances Wilson, the professional hunting guide in 'The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber': Wilson

kills—as a profession—animals who have scarcely a chance of protecting themselves; he consorts with rich decadents and adopts their moral standards. . . . But out of this he builds the code he lives by; he has his courage and his honour; he would not 'squeal' on his employer; he will not leave the animals he has pitilessly shot to suffer.

What sort of a code is this? It is not really adult; it has the immaturity that Hemingway sometimes has, when, for instance, we put *For Whom the Bell Tolls* up against André Malraux' *Days of Hope*: the latter is a mature political novel; Hemingway's book is not.

But Hemingway the writer was never the 'dumb ox' that Wyndham Lewis once made him out to be in *Men Without Art*. Mr. Young's book is a balanced and perceptive study, and corrects Wyndham Lewis' view as well as the extravagant over-estimation that Hemingway himself has not seemed to discourage. Mr. Young has recorded Hemingway's great debt to Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and he has examined some surprisingly close parallels between the sensitive Huck Finn, constantly brought up against violence and betrayal, and Hemingway's heroes who suffer in the same way.

'Iraq, 1900 to 1950. A Political, Social, and Economic History. By Stephen Hemsley Longrigg. Oxford. 35s.

The first caliph of the Abbásid dynasty described the island between the Tigris and the Euphrates as a market-place for the world, and he prophesied that the city he would build there would be the most flourishing city in the world. This prophecy held good for a few centuries, but the golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid declined into a long period of stagnation and decay. In an earlier volume published in 1925 Brigadier Longrigg has told the history of 400 years, during which a once-flourishing country had sunk to the status of a neglected and poverty-stricken province of the Ottoman Empire. The western influences which, in the nineteenth cen-



To be published on 18 February

Venetian Opera in the Seventeenth Century

By SIMON TOWNELEY-WORSTHORNE 50s. net

This book describes the first attempts, in seventeenth-century Venice, to produce opera under conditions approaching those of today, in one of the great formative periods of the art.

*

Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music

By PERCY A. SCHOLLES 18s. net

'...he marches through the whole of musical scholarship with a gay confidence based on the best of foundations, accurate and well-verified knowledge...'
The Times Literary Supplement

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Aldous Huxley

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION

Mr. Huxley's experiment with mescaline, a drug which gave him 'a sacramental vision of reality,' opens up fascinating questions about human knowledge

6s net

Elsbeth Huxley

FOUR GUINEAS

Book Society Recommendation

An account of a journey through the Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Nigeria

'Convincing and enlightening... her incisive and friendly style make it a joy to read... set down with realism—as well as compassion and understanding'

C. V. WEDGWOOD

320 pages 5 maps 60 illustrations 21s net

CHATTO & WINDUS

The Golden Honeycomb

VINCENT CRONIN

"The best travel book I have read for two years. He writes intelligently, imaginatively, vividly."

HAROLD NICOLSON

"The magic of Sicily is captured in this beautifully written and profoundly perceptive work. Information, beautiful descriptions, searching comments pour from his pen." *THE TIMES*



ILLUSTRATED 16s

Tomorrow is Already Here

ROBERT JUNGK

ILLUSTRATED 16s

"Mr. Jungk spent much time in and out of American scientific—often secret—institutions. His conclusion is that Orwell's 1984 is already in the making, if not already made... His story is told with an effect of quiet horror." *KINGSLEY MARTIN in the NEW STATESMAN*

Perdu and his Father

PARIDE ROMBI

"It is an unusual distinction for a first novel to be translated into a foreign tongue, but it is undoubtedly justified by Signor Rombi's stark story of a Sardinian child... He has been particularly well served by his translator, Mr. Henry Reed." *THE TIMES*



10s 6d

Wine Growing in England

GEORGE ORDISH



ILLUSTRATED 7s 6d

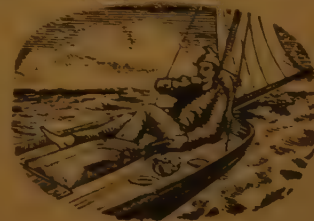
"He drinks his own wine, the wine that he has made from his own grapes, a wine that is sound, wholesome and pleasant: it pays no duty and it costs very little. 'What I have done, anybody can do who has a house with a south wall'—such is the message of this helpful little book."

ANDRÉ L. SIMON

The Mariners Library: a new volume

The Voyage Alone in the Yawl 'Rob Roy' by JOHN MACGREGOR (Illustrated 9s 6d). "I am afraid to say how many times I read it." E. E. MIDDLETON

With a full biographical introduction by ARTHUR RANSOME.



RUPERT HART-DAVIS

tury, were transforming Egypt and bringing new life to Syria, were slow in reaching a country still outside the orbit of world politics and noteworthy only as the scene of exciting archaeological discoveries. Cairo and Damascus had taken the place of Baghdad as the centres of Arab cultural life, and the ancient city of the caliphs vegetated as a mean provincial town.

The fifty years which form the theme of Brigadier Longrigg's new volume are crowded with events of more than parochial significance. The first world war brought the end of Ottoman rule, and there followed an uneasy period of mandatory administration bitterly resented by the old ruling class and the new intellectual élite. The British way of law and order and the concept of gradual progress towards self-government had no appeal for turbulent tribesmen and impatient nationalists. Complete independence, however, the goal ardently desired by the articulate minority, brought neither political stability nor good administration. A façade of democratic forms masked the actual power of a small ruling class whose members competed for office in 'short-lived cabinets with a brief innings for everybody'.

In the case-history of 'Iraq's political malady are found all the pathological symptoms which afflict the body politic in the new states of the Middle East: communal strife and an ugly spirit of intolerance towards minorities, neurotic fear of the 'imperialist' boggy, the conflict of parties without constructive programmes: the ambitions of military juntas and potential dictators and, as the sole unifying factor, a passionate form of nationalism regarded as an end in itself. By a curious disorder in the political climate all the energies which might find an outlet in administrative reform and economic enterprise are directed into the unprofitable channels of personal ambition and intemperate emotionalism.

'Iraq, moreover, as Brigadier Longrigg points out, exhibits in a very emphatic form 'the intolerant individualism of the Arab character so recalcitrant to self-subordination and compromise'. Was it not a great historian of their own race who in the fourteenth century wrote of the besetting fault of the Arabs which prevents them from submitting to the authority of one of their own people? The suddenness of the impact of modernism on a tradition-bound society has created further problems: there are, here as elsewhere, 'the spiritual uncertainties and vacua of a people still culturally and intellectually unsure as between eastern and western values, between tradition and innovation, Islam and atheism'. These are conflicts in the soul which must be resolved before a balanced and self-reliant society can emerge.

Brigadier Longrigg writes with scholarly grasp of the source-material, and he adds to scholarship an intimate knowledge of the country and the people. His book, too crowded with detail for comfortable reading, will remain of permanent value as a work of reference and as an exhaustive record of memorable events. The few reflective passages deserve special notice for the ripe judgment they display.

Illustrated History of English Literature: Volume I. Chaucer to Shakespeare

By A. C. Ward. Longmans. 25s.

No doubt we all have in mind a small and useful record of the main figures and developments in our literature. In an earlier age this need was supplied by such a summary as Stopford Brooke's primer. Gradually, however, the writers of short histories became more ambitious and the number of attempts at covering the whole ground in some detail is, if not legion, past easy counting. Most of these are lifeless since a short work on a great theme is most difficult to write. Economy

and vividness of word, freshness of approach and complete mastery of material are not common gifts. What is wanted is the outstanding quality of such a little book as W. P. Ker's *English Literature: Medieval* carried through the whole story.

Mr. Ward, in three volumes of which this is the first, sets out to provide the 'general reader' with a small-scale survey of what has been accomplished in our literature from the beginnings till 1950. He pleads that a compact history by a single author will have the advantage of a 'consistent vision'. His object is not a 'flat artificial objectivity'. Likings and dislikings are to be frankly exposed, for only so can enthusiasm be made 'infectious'. There will even be room for the corrective of 'an occasional light-hearted grin'.

But, alas, it does not work out like that in this painstaking and worthy effort. Mr. Ward's style is laborious, without freshness, sparkle or originality. Instead of individual judgments of note we have the stilted text-book comment that the twelve pages on Spenser and the twenty on Shakespeare sufficiently illustrate. The first short chapter of twelve pages—from the origins to Chaucer—is so feeble that it should have been omitted. When so many marvels are without mention is it profitable to tell us that the prevailing mood of the 'Beowulf' is that of 'The Cocktail Party' 'after the story of Celia's martyrdom has been told'? What authority is there for remarking that 'possibly Chaucer could have read "Beowulf" with no greater difficulty than we read Chaucer'? Throughout the book paraphrase is too readily employed and quotations are too often ineffective or museum exhibits. The question of proportion is one on which no two writers are likely to agree, but it is difficult to defend the award of sixteen pages to the pamphleteers, novelists and other underlings of Elizabethan prose while only a third of a page is given to Hakluyt and a single page to Elizabethan translators. And cannot something be done, even today, to wring the neck of *colourful*?

One feature of the book can be unreservedly praised—the illustrations. These are numerous and admirably chosen. Their choice, indeed, has something of the freshness of attack that should have pervaded the whole book.

Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa By William J. Burchell.

Batchworth Press, 2 vols. £5.

This magnificent reproduction of a very scarce but still famous book of travel comes like a breath of fresh air, and is a reminder of the still basic need for such realistic, scientific study as its author gave nearly 150 years ago to that now very troubled country, South Africa. Much has changed in the years, but not the hard physical conditions, here fully described, nor yet the essential character of the peoples who have been 'conditioned' by centuries of struggle with this difficult environment. Even the chance recounted in the opening chapter is significant evidence of the European inhabitants' isolation: Burchell's three months' voyage brought him near enough to make his charming vignette of Table Mountain on Nov. 13, 1810, but a south-easter arose and he did not set foot ashore for another fortnight. He then put an enforced delay in Cape-town to good use, purposefully learning Dutch to help him on his way: wandering with enthusiasm about that botanists' paradise he at once saw and proclaimed the possibilities of what are now the famous National Gardens at Kirstenbosch. Setting out at last, he wrestled manfully with 'roads' across the Cape Flats, and over what are now Sir Lowry's and the Hex River passes, remarking ruefully on their economic effects. Later he had to suffer many

saltless days of near-starvation within or just beyond the borders of the then Cape Colony.

Burchell's aim was originally to press on to make a link with the Portuguese settlements on the west coast. In fact he was five years in the country but got no farther than the southern edge of Bechuanaland: the book ends with a detailed description of life at the 'Bichuana' centre he calls Litakun (near Kuruman), but it is full enough of patient and accurate observation. The general reader will go for the descriptions, which are still true, of places and of the life of the people. Being little of an anthropologist he deals with individuals, without generalising. The many types of Boer farmers he met live again in these pages, and the Hottentot servants who shared his adventures. He had 'a way' even with the shy Bushmen. Perhaps the high light is a breathless chapter on the anxious weeks he spent at Litakun where his hosts proved no less acquisitive than they were inquisitive. It is his interesting deduction that, having him at their mercy, they refrained from taking fuller advantage of his helplessness only for fear of earning a bad name and so deterring visitors to whom they looked even then to bring them desirable things from the world without.

But the traveller was above all a naturalist, and a collector. Cataloguing the mass of specimens he collected employed him all the years of a long life and when at last this work was ended he seems to have died by his own hand at the age of eighty-two, in 1863. He not only catalogued, but drew and painted. Many years ago the Mendelssohn Bibliography noted that his book was so rare because so many copies had been cut up for their priceless plates and sketches. Now, thanks to Messrs. Batchworth's laudable enterprise, they are available once more. The price is high, and the edition a limited one. It has an introduction by Professor Schapera. It is the duty of all libraries to make sure that 'Burchell' has a place on their shelves.

The Unconscious Origins of Berkeley's Philosophy. By J. O. Wisdom.

Hogarth Press. 25s.

Berkeley. By G. J. Warnock.

Penguin Books. 2s.

It is not, presumably, an accident that these two books appear in the bicentenary year of the famous Irish philosopher's death. Dr. Wisdom, of the London School of Economics, has already published able articles on Berkeley, and might have been expected to give us an extended study of the latter's acute and teasing philosophy. Instead he has chosen to give us a psycho-analytic examination of it. The first part of the book is, indeed, expository, but the account is jerky, leaves some points with the barest statement, and distributes emphasis in a way that is unexpected and puzzling if the psycho-analytic purpose is not borne in mind. We are not to look here for a proportioned survey of the doctrines, or for the ground of Dr. Wisdom's own just judgment that Berkeley 'introduced a standard of clarity and (*sic*) argument into philosophising that had not often been equalled before his time and that was hardly equalled for a long time afterwards'.

The standpoint is Freudian, in the sense that covers theories developed by Freud's more loyal disciples. The application of the psycho-analytic technique to someone who cannot be questioned in the flesh is excused by the precedent of Freud himself, and by the claim that the theories used have been so fully proved in clinical practice that they can confidently be extended to the dead. The finality of Freudianism being thus frankly posited, the appeal of the book is likely to be limited.

In a competent sketch of Berkeley's life Dr.

Contemporary, but timeless



Furniture in solid and veneered mahogany and yewtree

We designed this group of dining-room furniture on simple yet distinguished lines. We made it — largely by hand — in mahogany with yewtree enrichment. There's no stain to hide the natural beauty of the wood or cover defects in workmanship.

This is the kind of furniture that takes a lot of care in making. It's contemporary in design, yet like all good furniture it has a quality of timelessness. Because it's good — fine wood *and* fine craftsmanship — you won't find it very cheap to buy; but because it's timeless you'll always take pleasure in living with it.

A dining room

by Gordon Russell Limited



See this and other examples of fine furniture on our stand at the Furniture Exhibition, Earls Court. Stand No. 24V/15W. February 20th 10.0 a.m. to 9.0 p.m. and February 22nd-25th inclusive from 2.0 p.m. to 9.0 p.m.

B R O A D W A Y W O R C E S T E R S H I R E

CRC 14

Wisdom puts his emphasis on two points. First on Berkeley's recurrent references to his ill-health, from which the conclusion is drawn, with a curious ease, that his ill-health was an unconsciously determined obsession, a persisting infantilism. Secondly, on Walpole's withholding of a promised parliamentary grant for Berkeley's project of a college in Bermuda, thereby wrecking one of his dearest hopes. The fact is undoubtedly of much biographical importance: the interpretation which Dr. Wisdom puts on it, without consideration of any other possibilities, is that thereafter Walpole became for a while the symbol of an external evil (a sort of correlate of the internal illness) of which Berkeley wanted to be rid.

In his treatment of the philosophy Dr. Wisdom very questionably emphasises an 'unavowed' solipsism, said to express a wish that he had had no parents. He rightly emphasises the attack on 'matter' (the technical sense of the term is admitted but then virtually ignored). The unconscious source of this attack, we are informed, was Berkeley's infantile interest in faeces, strengthened by a flux or dysentery from which he suffered (whether he had this by the time he committed himself to immaterialism is not looked into): matter was the symbol of a personal uncleanness. His later devotion to tar-water is traced to the same origin. As for the mathematicians, he attacked their theory of fluxions because it symbolised his own flux. His interest in money in *The Querist* is similarly explained, 'Matter and Mammon having a common intestinal origin'. His conscious purpose of refuting the reality of 'matter' in order to secure the reality of God is construed as springing from an unconscious fear of turning God into poison—and at the same time an unconscious desire to do so, for it is characteristic of the unconscious to be 'ambivalent', that is, to have opposite attitudes to the same subject. And so on. To see any cogency in these lines of inference one must, obviously, be a psycho-analyst.

Mr. Warnock's 'Pelican' is a purely philosophical study, commanding respect for its competence, patience, and fairness, and for its extremely clear style. Criticism heavily predominates over exposition. Such a disproportion is, of course, allowable in a book of this length, but because each point is followed at once by extended criticism of it, the reader does not and cannot get a general view, and misses the unifying bond of Berkeley's motives theoretical and practical. The author's standpoint being that of the Oxford Analysts, his work is largely a minute consideration of Berkeley's verbal expressions. Students who are attached to that school will be grateful for it, and philosophical students who are not so attached will find profit in it. The general reader will probably find it tiring. That school is wholly interested in statements, not in the men that make them. The choice is legitimate, but it has as its consequences dryness and a rather schoolmasterly manner of correction. Since Mr. Warnock's attention moves from detail to detail, no brief summary can be given.

The Psychology of Personality

By Bernard Notcutt. Methuen, 21s.

The Structure of Human Personality

By H. J. Eysenck. Methuen, 37s. 6d.

Social intercourse has been going on ever since man became man, for only through social interaction do the specifically human characteristics emerge. It is therefore odd to hear Professor Notcutt say: 'The science of personality has only just begun'. Surely by this time we ought to know all about other people. In a sense, of course, we do know a great deal, but knowing by intuitive insight is one thing, and formulating

scientific hypotheses by means of which we can explain what we know is another. The scientific study of personality provides us with very little new information about what people are like, and many distinguished Psychologists are very poor 'psychologists'; what it tries to do is to systematise, clarify, and refine our ideas.

This has been done in various ways. We classify people by their traits and by the types to which they belong; psychologists attempt to devise methods of measuring these characteristics, and to find out which go together. We recognise that the environment moulds us; the cultural anthropologists try to discover how far this moulding can go. We talk in everyday speech of 'instincts'; psychologists classify them. 'The child', we say 'is father to the man'; the Freudians trace the significant episodes of this parentage. These and other approaches—projective tests, and the study of small groups—are all discussed by Professor Notcutt in lively and sceptical tones. He is, indeed, at times a trifle over sceptical. Heaven forbid that we should confuse seriousness with solemnity, but occasionally his jokes and jibes almost persuade us that he thinks the whole business one grand comic farce. This is, of course, far from being the case, and his teasing is often salutary, reminding us that all too often we try to dress up triviality in pompous language. However, it would be a pity if the beginner, for whom the book is written, were discouraged by Professor Notcutt's light-hearted banter.

Professor Notcutt touches on the technique of factor analysis, but 'this part of the book' he admits to be 'rather sketchy'. Dr. Eysenck, on the other hand, takes the view that 'at the present moment the method of factor analysis alone enables us to represent the known facts in terms of a strictly quantitative conceptual scheme'. His book is written rather for the expert than for the general reader, and it supplements his other works on *Dimensions of Personality* and *The Scientific Study of Personality*. In this work he considers the application of factor analysis—a mathematical technique for finding out what goes with what—to the results of rating scales, questionnaires, objective behaviour tests, trait measurements, the assessment of interests and attitudes, and to physical measurements. The field is one to which Dr. Eysenck himself has made considerable contributions, and this assembly of material from a wide range of sources will be of the very greatest value to the more advanced student of the subject.

Jane Austen's Novels: a Study in Structure. By Andrew H. Wright.

Chatto and Windus, 16s.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Jane Austen is the garrulity she provokes in her admirers. Writer after writer dissects the six canonical novels, using the most varied of tools, hoping to cut out and display the heart of her mystery and mastery. The mystery and the mastery are the same; the basic problem is: why are her novels so enchanting to many readers? And none of the dissections provide an answer which will persuade those who dislike her books to like them, nor those who like them to change their opinion.

In this latest short study, Mr. Wright has some perceptive observations on her stylistic devices: the shifting of viewpoints within the paragraph, so that comment also illumines character; the use of negatives for ironical statements; the eschewing of metaphor except for ridicule. The body of the book, however, is taken up with a series of lengthy descriptions, supported with voluminous quotations, of the main characters (heroine, hero, villain) of the six novels; and it is not clear what is the precise object of this pedestrian exercise.

Certainly, he demonstrates that the heroines develop and change, that Jane Austen is in favour of both sense and sensibility; but that can surely be no revelation to the attentive reader of her novels. He follows the egregious Mr. Mudrick in laying great emphasis on Jane Austen's irony, which he does not so much illuminate as illustrate; and he, too, writes from an agnostic viewpoint and so fails to understand Jane Austen's underlying piety. He likes *Mansfield Park* least of the novels (*Emma* is his favourite), because he obviously does not understand it. It is almost wilful blindness to write: 'Want of breeding is responsible for the evils in Henry Crawford, as in all the other bad characters; good breeding supports and develops Fanny and Edmund'. Jane Austen herself is quite explicit; *Mansfield Park* is a novel about ordination; and it is want of religious principles which is responsible for the evils in Henry Crawford (and the other bad characters in the later novels); good religious principles support and develop Fanny and Edmund. Jane Austen was a clergyman's daughter and herself composed prayers; and we know so few facts about her that it does not seem sensible to disregard those we do know.

The Prince of Botanists

By Norah Gourlie. Witherby, 30s.

Miss Gourlie's book is the second biography of Linnæus to appear in English in the course of the last twelve months. *The Prince of Botanists*, like Knut Hagberg's *Carl Linnæus*, sets out to provide the unscientific reader with a palatable account of the life and achievement of the great botanist; but so rich is the store of material available, that those who have read the earlier book need have no fear that Miss Gourlie has nothing new to offer them.

Jackson's *Linnæus*, published in 1923, was, on its own admission, an adaptation, compressed and brought up to date, of Fries' monumental biography, not available in English; Miss Gourlie has gone to original sources. Surprised in Finland at the outbreak of war, she reached Sweden where she made herself master of the language and acquired a wide knowledge of the country. Her researches into Linnæus in his native land were later supplemented by two years' work in the Library of the Linnean Society in London. Her deep understanding of the Swedish background gives her book its particular merit, and wisely she often includes her own impressions of places and countryside visited by her hero.

But the popular biographer of a great scientist is almost invariably faced with a difficult task. By ordinary standards, Linnæus' life was uneventful; his life was his work. And the importance of his achievement as a botanist demands a fuller and less apologetic treatment than Miss Gourlie affords it. Indeed, Linnæus the Botanist is too much overshadowed by Linnæus the Doctor, the Zoologist, the Traveller—a fact which makes the title of the book misleading.

The Swedes consider Linnæus' accounts of his travels 'as part of their classical literature of the eighteenth century'; Miss Gourlie offers us translations which would seem to substantiate their claim. There are lyrical passages of almost oriental freshness; one is reminded of Sadi's preface to his *Gulistan*, of Mr. Arthur Waley's translations from the Chinese. Miss Gourlie's own style, a shade ingenuous at moments, seems admirably adapted, however, to convey the naive ecstasy of the Linnean joy in Nature. Naive, too, are the little drawings (like the childhood scribbles of an Edward Lear) which diversify their pages and of which we are given an entertaining selection.

The Prince of Botanists is nicely produced, the reproductions more than adequate; it is, however, rather expensive at thirty shillings.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Sightseeing for the Passive

WE SAUNTERED THROUGH a cigarette factory. We watched sport and games—Army boxing, rugby football, basket-ball. We saw attractive females displaying the subtler charms of wool. We were given a close look at A. P. Herbert's face. A golden eagle expert chatted to us about a new bird book. We refereed a verbal scrimmage between a parson's wife and a bureaucratic-sounding doctor. Behind these bits and pieces of television documentary, the great dynamo continuum which irradiates our screens and flatters us into thinking that we are of the twentieth-century elect, contemporaries whom not even the Wellsian Sleeper would dare to deny.

So great a power, so small a result: last week's programmes totalled ruefully little in terms of social use, except as sightseeing for inherently passive minds. 'Panorama' and, once again, 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' were the intellectual focal points. The week was otherwise seriously lacking in the kind of stimulus that the critic needs if he is to employ his capacity for true appreciation. Army boxing and basket-ball are somehow not incitements to sober analysis. Pictorially, they had their moments: what more is there to be said? The rugby football could hardly fail to give us good viewing, in spite of the fact that the pace of the game sometimes left the cameras groping for the point of play. It would have been surprising if they had missed more than they did. Whether on or off their marks, there was always the satisfying sense of our being in touch with actuality.

That was the chief merit, I thought, of the cigarette factory visit; it showed something happening. Not that the happenings which transform tobacco leaf into cigarettes were irresistibly compelling to the eye. I found myself pondering, rather, the essential sterility of a form of activity which meets a dubious if urgent need of modern man. It is not that all ends in smoke; simply that, like television, it is an x-quantity in human affairs. We have no notion what it is doing to us, what its ultimate implications will be. The same may be said of another of Bristol's industrial preoccupations, the making of chocolate. Ours is the nation which allegedly spends most on cigarettes. We are also said to have the world's worst teeth, though the proposition is not put forward here that Bristol's outpouring of chocolate is the

cause. That famous old city of our west may or may not have much to answer for in some future study of our people. Meanwhile, I question whether this gaping at manufacturing processes is worth-while television, which does not exist to provide animated lantern lectures. With the sombre but entirely efficient aid of John Arlott the programme crammed a good deal of information into its half-hour. Considered these few days after, its substance and treatment seem to belong to the context of schools television when it comes.



Canon 'Ned' Paterson, on February 7, showing work done by students of the school which he founded at Cyrene in Southern Rhodesia

The lesson of the wool fashions show seems to have been that if you are a beautiful young party who covets the slinky look, then wool is your stuff. No fabric that we have seen on television could be more co-operative with the feline sinuousness which the models so convincingly exhibited to us. The show was put on with more wit than is usual at these affairs, at least for television. Each of the models had a part to play, not merely a dress to show off. Thus we saw reflected the normal activities of a young woman with wool on her torso and time on her hands, a change from the hackneyed cat-walking of most of the fashion displays we have had on our screens. A novel touch was that men models were introduced; they were there as wool-bearers too. The girl models were as eloquent as always in the dumb-language of the mannequin. To quote one of the folk-heroes of television, it's the mime that bothers me.

'In the News' I thought dull, a matter of topics, not of personalities. Human nature being what it is, aspiring, vain, and foolish, there is

probably a good supply of recruits for this programme, which can hardly be a complicated one to arrange. Precisely for that reason it probably receives several marks out of ten from the programme planners in favour of keeping it going. It is undoubtedly true that most of us viewers give too little thought to the difficulties of television producers, even the best. A supply of dependable programmes is a vital television asset. Having acknowledged as much, let us declare our fixed, unalterable animosity towards any addition to the panel games. Last week's edition of 'The Balloon Game' justified the conclusion that there should be no place in television for such banalities as 'The Name's the Same'. 'The Balloon Game' at least challenges the intelligence of viewers and to many it may impart a certain amount of useful information, as in Carola Oman's well-shaped and well-spoken plea for Lord Nelson. In Noel Annan and Christopher Salmon the programme has two regular disputants whose use of language and presentation of ideas may be impressed on less mature watching minds. With A. L. Rowse intervening last week, they confirmed one's tolerance of the game. It makes 'What's My Line?' seem nursery stuff.

But it was Sunday night's epilogue which did most to redeem the week's sense of spent effort. Showing how the Anglican Church in one part of Africa is making its presence felt as powerfully through art as through doctrine, it illustrated a missionary enterprise of exceptional interest and possibly great significance.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Shockin' Thing

'OPERA', SAID AN AMERICAN WIT, 'is where you stab a man and instead of bleeding, he sings'. The wound in 'Dark Sonnet', other than that to the psyche of the Great Viewing Public which had been revelling in a boxing beano till then, was self-inflicted: throat cutting with a cut throat after what must have been the longest and least narrow shave in all opera. What the Barber from Seville would have made of it one cannot imagine.

The suicide had some sympathy for his groans; he was one of opera's non-singers who get praised for their acting, rather unfairly. He had been mercilessly nagged by his shrewish wife (Noreen Berry), who may be said to have sung like billy-ho considering the earliness of the hour. 'Before Breakfast' is a grim little play by Eugene O'Neill; a slice of life concluding in



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'Twenty Million Smokers' on February 3; and (right) from 'Six Smart Girls in Wool' on February 5

Photographs: John Cura



Noreen Berry as Mrs. Roland in 'Dark Sonnet' on February 2—a musical setting of Eugene O'Neill's 'Before Breakfast'



'The Maid of Domrémy' on February 4, with Andrée Melly as Jeanne d'Arc, George Woodbridge as Jacques d'Arc, and Grace Arnold as Romée d'Arc

a slice of death. Turned into opera by Erik Chisholm it seemed to me to lose its pith while taking on portentousness. That may have been due to the fact that music does take longer than spoken drama, as was discovered by the French lady at Bayreuth who broke into the last hour of 'Siegfried' with the memorable words '*Voyons, c'est trop long!*' Or again it may have been that Mr. Chisholm's music, for all its merits, did not arrest the attention so as to dull the sense of time. Whatever the reason, I should have soon had a surfeit of it, like someone I heard next day announcing 'Shockin' thing! We switched it off a bit rapid, believe me'.

There remained Dennis Vance's production which reminded me of the good old days of U.F.A. films when we practically never got outside a tenement bedroom except to read some such subtitle as 'Mutti has boozed all the rent money'. Mr. Vance can put another feather in his cap, the music department at Lime Grove can feel that they did an inevitably unpopular thing handsomely and the girls on the switch-board can relax: the worst of the scolding must be over by now.

To balance this excursion into the lower depths, there was plenty of daintiness; too much, I thought, from Mr. Eric Robinson—or should one say rather his team, for he was his usual self. But the lady pianist from Brazil, Miss Felijca Blumental, seemed to me to peck rather too self-consciously at the music to be quite right for television. It was said in mitigation that she had never even broadcast before so I expect she was nervous, but during what Canadians call the 'rendition' of '*Albumblatt*' by Beethoven, a relatively uncomplicated affair, her handsome mask registered such a wealth of tragic emotion, curiosity, amazement, that she ended by imparting a sense of exhaustion even to one who had once heard that piece—as a test for adjudication—played by forty-two Belgian schoolgirls in succession. Master Vignoles ('Amahl') warbled sweetly and a dear little girl played the piano: '*Albumblatt*' by Beethoven!

I find Mr. Robinson's musical *soirées* very nice, or at least when I have just had a month's holiday. They rest the mind after all these games like 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' which used to be forbidden in my nursery, so exciting and sleep-scaring did it seem. Or plays like 'The Chameleon' which in a convulsion of conscientiousness I watched twice

over. The second showing was the better, although I found I had got the hang of the plot and the characterisation of Margaret Luce's rather dated but amusing piece of teacup-and-silly-ass comedy very firmly in hand by the end of the second dose. This went smoothly with very decent playing from such trusty people as Olaf Pooley, Jack Watling, Humphrey Morton, Marjorie Stewart, Jacqueline Squire (as that now unlikely boarder, an 'artistic' Russian, i.e. a white *émigrée*) and Stella Andrew as the eponymous reptile.

Last Sunday week was a ballet night. Looking up '*Pas de Quatre*' in the French-English dictionary, I came upon the phrase '*Pas de quoi*' which, it seems, means 'Don't mention it!' That, though possibly a message in the manner of the *sortes*, seemed rather hard on the four graces concerned. If it is a war horse, they were not. I found the presentation unimaginative.

As a pendant to Prudence Kitten the kiddies were given a tale of Joan of Arc down on the farm which suggested that her father was the one who had the ideas. Quite nice, but what children like best about Joan of Arc is seeing her burning.

'The Jewels' proved to be one of Maupassant's best tales rather flatly adapted. How did Mr. Vance come to pass that Parisian supper served up by the wicked wife? Even unsuspecting French husbands do not eat with knife in right hand boiled 'flowery' potatoes, tinned peas, and

something tasty all in *entrée* dish—without bread! 'Come and get it while it's hot', cried Miss Mitchell, winning the week's award for French unlikeliness.

But the award of the week should go to the arrangers of the programme which allowed us to gaze at a real live duchess. There's democracy for you! A real duchess in every home!

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Eyes and Ears

SHAMEFACED, I ADMITTED that Wells' short story, 'The Country of the Blind', had slid away into some crevasse of the memory, if indeed I had ever read it. As the radio play (Light) continued, I found myself both thanking Fate for my poor memory, and wishing that it were possible to have some hint of the end. Those luckier—or less lucky—than myself would have recalled that the tale was of a man who hit upon a forgotten valley in the wildest waste of the Ecuador Andes. There he found a community—bred to blindness through the generations—that knew nothing of sight ('See? What does he mean?')

The story is told superbly, economically. One might use the words, too, for the way in which Sir Laurence Olivier, as the explorer, related it in that sharp, queerly glittering voice as if a needled beam were turned on each sentence, each phrase. One could see the fall when the man was swept by an avalanche far down the sheer mountain-face; and the valley flashed up before us with its sightless people, who divided time not into night and day, but into 'warm' and 'cold', who knew the birds only as 'singing and fluttering angels', and who had no conception of the sky, or of a world beyond their pastures.

All of this was expressed with mastery. Then I began to wish that I knew the end. It appeared that Nunez, the explorer, if he desired to stay in the valley (and, inevitably, to marry the girl of his choice) must himself be blinded. For me, as for many people, a suggestion of this sort is one of the grimmer forms of Grand Guignol. I sit back and remember lunatic asylums and knitting needles—there was a fragrant little piece once with those ingredients—the Hubert-Arthur colloquy perhaps, or, worst of all, the



'The Jewels' on February 7, with Yvonne Mitchell as Miné, Lanun and Dennis Price as M. Lanun



What would grandfather say, Mr. Horsefall?

The development of plastics has given industry and the home many useful materials.

Polyvinyl chloride is a case in point. Already familiar as curtains and garments and cable coverings, it now provides flexible belting for coal mines which is singularly unaffected by hard wear and tear. In an allied form it is a floor-covering material of exceptional durability. Organic Phosphorus Compounds (*for which Albright & Wilson supply the intermediate*) are often used as the plasticizers to maintain the flexibility and to make the finished plastic flame-resistant.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W.1

enr.168

ghastliest scene in drama, the seventh of the third act of 'King Lear': 'Out, vile jelly!' So, on this night in freezing Hampstead, I sat palpitating by the set, with Sir Laurence's charged voice causing me to fear the worst at any moment. Imagination had taken me through all stages before, very reasonably, the explorer resolved upon escape. In one way, I suppose, this flattered out the end of the piece. The door had been open all the time: why had he not gone through it earlier? But I was too conscious of overwhelming relief to worry much about probabilities or possibilities. Sir Laurence spoke finely—his lingering on the line, 'an arc of immeasurable blue', holds the memory—and the cast, Stephen Jack and Gabrielle Blunt for example, aided him. I wished that the producer, Harry Alan Towers, had cut most of the background music: voices alone could have done all that was wanted.

It was agreeable to be listening to two other plays of the week, and not to be seeing them. In the theatre each would have made one shuffle uncomfortably. 'Another Part of the Forest' (Home) is the better. Here Lillian Hellman does work up her melodrama. The third act, with family tyrant held at bay by his son, forced me to admit that, as situations go, this was strong. I liked to hear the son warning Dad of what might be 'the biggest, happiest lynching in the history of Roseville County'. But it took an age to get up to this; and, early in the play, the accents of Alabama often prevented me from knowing just what was worrying the Hubbards, massive father, wandering mother, and deplorable children, one of whom would grow into Regina of 'The Little Foxes'. Still, the third act paid for the preliminaries. Sidney James and John Glen appeared to me to come most accurately from the Alabama of 1880. For its names alone, the play would take a prize: I cherish a cast-list that ends with such a run as this: Miss Birdie Bagtry, Penniman, Jugger, Laurette Sinee.

Surely, on the stage, Lionel Brown's drama, 'Stolen Waters' (Home) would 'amaze the very faculties of eyes and ears'? Certainly it baffled the hearing. Mr. Brown does not flinch from such a remark as 'O, why does unbidden money so often bring unhappiness in its wake?' Indeed, he fears little. Here, in a quite preposterous play, is a man called Charles Scott, an agent on Lord Quinton's estate. His real name is Carl Schultz (a German Jew): having hidden his apparently unfortunate derivation, he has married into the county. The good fellow—for he is one, in spite of everything—is a little perturbed when a woman with an Irish accent arrives from Dublin, tells him that she is his mother (as she is), and adds that £750,000 in gold is waiting for him under his father's will—if he consents to tell the world about his ancestry. There are various branches; this is, so to speak, the tree-trunk. The players, led by Henry Kendall, struggled to carve their names upon it: I found myself pining for the dear old days in 'Alabam' and another part of the forest. 'The Small Miracle' (Light) was better: the two Wilfrids (Hyde White and Downing) enjoyed their gentle stroll through a landscape that came very pleasantly to the mind's eye.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Literary Levels

ON ALL THREE SERVICES there was talk of books last week, talk emanating from and addressed to high-brows, middle-brows and low-brows. In the Light Programme series called 'Question Time', in which the younger generation puts questions to a team of adults, last week's ques-

tions were all about books. The adults were E. Arnot Robertson, Fielden Hughes, and B. W. Wray. Jack Longland was in the chair. While responding as a human being to the cheerfulness of the meeting I began to wonder, as a critic, whether it served a useful purpose when broadcast. It is, of course, an excellent thing that young people should meet intelligent grown-ups and ask them questions, but unless the young people are of rather higher intelligence than these and the grown-ups somewhat less slapdash in their replies I find it hard to imagine that other young people will profit much by listening. For instance, the answer to the first question, 'Should parents supervise their children's reading?', obviously depends on so many factors that the whole half-hour would be needed to discuss it. As it was, the grown-ups' answers seemed to me quite inadequate. To this programme Mr. Wray, the County Librarian for Nottinghamshire, made much the most stimulating contributions.

On the Home Service Dr. G. M. Trevelyan gave the first of four talks, called 'A Layman's Love of Letters', condensed for broadcasting from the Clark Lectures which he delivered at Cambridge last autumn. His theme was 'Robert Browning and A. E. Housman'. One would have indignantly rejected the claim of the author of the three volumes on Garibaldi, 'English Social History', and all his other books, to be a layman in the matter of English literature if he had not been careful to explain that the word implies simply that he is not a professional critic or teacher of English literature. Even so, I have among my books a volume published in 1907 called *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*, by G. M. Trevelyan, to which I once owed a stimulating introduction to that fine and now neglected poet. Dr. Trevelyan, then, spoke of Browning and Housman as an amateur—a lover of their work—who was anxious to share his enjoyment with others. His talk offered excellent advice to the middle-brow, by which I mean the reader who is at the beginning of his exploration of the poets. All the same, I enjoyed listening to Dr. Trevelyan and more especially to his spirited reading of 'Up at a Villa—Down in the City'—which perfectly suggested the character of the impoverished 'person of quality'.

The Third Programme gave a recording of a short talk by T. S. Eliot on 'The Unity of European Literature', which was originally broadcast at the suggestion of the Central and Eastern Europe Commission on the B.B.C.'s European Service. He pointed out that European literature is based on those of Greece, Rome, and Israel which are therefore a key to the proper understanding of it. The rapid circulation of European literature, he said, is essential to the health of the literature of each of the several nations and this is endangered at present by the excessive censorship applied in some countries. These ideas were presented with an admirable simplicity.

Simplicity is not the word that leaps to the mind when attempting to describe Owen Hollaway's 'The Teller and the Told', a series of four talks of which I have heard the first two—'The Novel and the Private Life' and 'Distinction of Persons'. I have found them very baffling. As the first progressed, the uncomfortable suspicion grew upon me that I had got into the wrong train and when I glanced through the window I saw that we were travelling through a jungle where there were no stations and no signal-boxes. It is an uncomfortable experience to listen to talk in which one understands every word, catches from time to time interesting and suggestive ideas, but totally fails to follow the thread. This, I thought to myself, is eminently a case when THE LISTENER should come to my rescue. And it did. It printed

the first talk last week. But this time I have not been rescued. After a first reading I am still very much in the dark, and with the second talk I have fared no better. What is the explanation? Is it I who am too dense, or Mr. Hollaway's jungle? So far, I am unable to decide.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Songs and Symphonies

IN AN APT SETTING of snow and icy wind the Third Programme offered us once more Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's performance of Schubert's 'Die Winterreise', with Gerald Moore accompanying. We could enter fully into the misery of unhappy humanity out-of-doors in the wintry weather and, knowing the ache of cold fingers, longed to be able to put a copper in the hurdy-gurdy man's tin-can. And what a masterpiece it is, this tale of sorrow and madness in a frozen landscape, painted stroke by stroke with a sure touch until passing through the horrible climax we reach the passionless, empty ending with its wheezing, dreary drone! Not cheerful, but, on the other hand, not self-pitying and with never a stroke too much, as in that other Viennese poem of despair, Mahler's Ninth Symphony, recently heard, where the composer fairly wallows in his own misery until you feel that he is positively enjoying the luxury of his emotions. Schubert was more objective, and makes us feel the suffering of his unhappy hero the more keenly because his own personal emotions do not intrude.

Fischer-Dieskau's performance of these songs was great Lieder-singing, such as we have not heard since the days when Elena Gerhardt was in her prime. Every word, every note, was given its full meaning by subtle colouring of the tone, and these words and notes were fashioned into shapely phrases. There was not an ugly sound from beginning to end. So it seems pernicky to suggest that 'Mut', where the 'courage' is the recklessness of stark madness, needed a touch of wildness and abandon to set off the more strongly the blank despair of the end. Of Gerald Moore I need only say that he was at his best, and better than that I do not know.

Later in the week Sophie Wyss introduced us to a set of songs by Georges Enesco with poems by Clement Marot. Miss Wyss has such a formidable reputation of being able to sing anything and make it sound like something, that she has too often been heard in the more experimental utterances of the *avant garde*. So it was good to hear her in these beautiful, sensitive songs, which enabled her to show what a really good singer she is, apart from her remarkable gifts of musicianship. The composer, besides accompanying her, played some pianoforte music of his own—rather rambling, rhapsodical pieces suggestive of improvisation, yet so full of charm and so delicately touched that the ear was enchanted by them. Is it unrealistic to perceive in this music the expression of a spirit, at once courageous and gentle, which has won a victory over a crippling physical disability?

Another vocal work heard during the week was Arthur Bliss' 'Pastoral', sung by the B.B.C. Chorus with Nancy Evans as soloist under the direction of Trevor Harvey. This was the best performance in a well-chosen, but not always well executed, programme, and reminded one that the Master of the Queen's Music is also a master of choral composition. I hope that his new responsibilities will stimulate him to a more frequent exercise of this mastery. Miss Evans, ably supported by Richard Adeney in the flute-solo, brought out the beauty of the 'Pigeon Song', which is surely one of the loveliest modern lyrical songs. I also heard some good



Cut for economy

A fill of slow-burning, cool-smoking Three Nuns is a leisurely affair. Nothing is wasted of that curious curly cut. So, if you do pay a trifle more for your Three Nuns, you get it back in prolonged pleasure. Judged by the clock, Three Nuns is indeed thrifty.

Three Nuns
ORIGINAL BLEND • EMPIRE BLEND



Stephen Mitchell & Son, Glasgow, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

a new, quality-built AUTO-RADIOGRAM

Beauty of sound and beauty of styling make this new Ekco auto-radiogram ARG210 an enviable possession. Up to ten standard or long-playing records can be played without interruption and the all-wave radio gives world-wide choice of programmes. The cabinet, which has record storage space, is finely built in the best

contemporary style. But see and hear for yourself at your Ekco Dealer's!

Ekco ARG210—All-wave radio and automatic gramophone unit. Handles 7, 10 and 12-in. records at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45 or 78 r.p.m. Sapele veneer cabinet. For A.C. mains

66 GNS. tax paid.



TO BE SURE...choose

EKCO radio

Be certain to visit an
EKCO REGISTERED
DEALER. He, and
he alone, can give you
100% Ekco
'Sales and Service'

Please send me full illustrated details of Model ARG210

Name _____

Address _____

L.35

POST TO E. K. COLE LTD • SOUTHBEND-ON-SEA • ESSEX



SEE more of FRANCE

by RAIL AS the mountains and smiling valleys glide by your window you are glad you decided to travel by train in France. For France has much to offer in scenic beauty and French Railways provide a magnificent viewpoint from which to see it, with a background of streamlined comfort and courteous service. Here are amply upholstered carriages to relax in, comfortable couchettes (1st or 2nd Class) to sleep away over-night journeys, and excellent meals are served in truly French style.

As for speed—French Railways have some of the fastest trains in the world, steam, diesel and electric, and their record for punctuality remains unsurpassed. For cheapness, too, you can't beat rail, particularly if you take advantage of one of the numerous reduced fare tickets.

TOURIST TICKETS offer a 20% or 30% reduction on ordinary fares, subject to a minimum return or circular journey of 1,500 or 2,000 Km and certain conditions of stay in France.

FAMILY TICKETS for French destinations. With these, the first and second persons pay two single fares each for

the return journey, but the third and subsequent persons pay only two single fares less 75% each. Minimum distance 300 Km.

FREE BOOKLET "FRANCE"

A postcard NOW brings you a free copy of this exquisite colour printed travel book giving a delightful foretaste of the French scene; included also is a folder of practical information on rail travel.

Better travel by

SNCF FRENCH RAILWAYS

Information, tickets and reservations from any good Travel Agent or French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1

CVS-86

singing, but not enough of the words, in a programme given by the Mjldland Singers directed by John Lowe.

Besides classics of Beethoven and Schubert (the latter unfortunately inaudible on this hearth except through a barrage of interference), there were four modern symphonies in the programmes. Havergal Brian's Eighth in B flat minor, faithfully presented by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Boult, opened with a figure closely resembling one in another symphony in B flat. There would have been no harm in that, if the composer could have thought of something as significant as Beethoven's melody

to put on top of the rhythmical figure. And so the symphony continued with all sorts of ideas which did not lead anywhere in particular.

William Alwyn's Second Symphony, played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at their public concert under Barbirolli, does lead up to a high peak with a grand view. But I confess I did not find the approaches to the climb particularly interesting or spectacular. Perhaps a second hearing would have revealed more character behind the somewhat arid aspect of its scenery. We had that advantage with Malipiero's and Rubbra's Fifth Symphonies. The Italian work is not, properly speaking, a symphony, but a

concerto grosso with two pianofortes *obbligati*. It is more attractive that most of Malipiero's music, of which the grim and gritty Passacaglias played earlier in the week are typical samples, and beneath its preoccupation with bringing back archaic forms in a modern guise, displays an Italianate feeling for melody. Rubbra's Fifth is the best-known, as well as the best, of his symphonies. But one was glad to hear it twice and so get the measure of its subtle architecture, particularly of the continuous thematic expansion of the first movement and the contrary expansion into spaciousness in the third.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

How Monteverdi Wrote his 'Vespers'

By DENIS ARNOLD

The Vespers will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, February 19, and 7.40 p.m. on Sunday, February 21 (both Third)

ABOUT 1610, when Monteverdi was preparing to write a Mass and a set of Vespers, he was forty years old and a mature musician with a highly original style. He had published several books of madrigals remarkable enough to annoy the conservatives, and composed two operas which had achieved great popularity.

In all these works he had shown himself in agreement with those theorists and musicians who sought to reclaim music from the role of pure delight and entertainment, which seemed to them to be its principal aim during the sixteenth century, and to reinstate it to the power of involving man's innermost being and most deeply felt emotions.

To do this he was convinced that there must be a union of the arts, in which poetry and music were to combine on equal terms so that both could make an impression on the listener; and when he made this union within the broader scope of music drama, using solo voices after the manner of the first opera composers of Florence, he considered that he had succeeded in his aim. Monody, with its stress on the audibility of the verse and by the confining of the full musical expression within a single person, made possible the reflection of the greatest emotions of man, and Monteverdi was proud to boast that 'Ariadne shudders because she is a woman and Orpheus was stirred because he was a man', and that these stage characters expressed this humanity through his music. The reality of Ariadne 'had visibly moved the whole audience to tears', and it seemed that music had been restored to its former greatness. The expression of this human reality was the basis of Monteverdi's mature style.

When confronted with the problems of church music just after the production of the operas, Monteverdi must have felt that liturgical composition was something which could hardly be solved on the lines of his previous works. His last publication of church music had been in his youth, long before he had any idea of the New Music, and since then he had probably composed little of this kind. If the Council of Trent had made the audibility of text as much a prime requirement for church music as the Florentines for opera, it had made it equally clear that any connection with secular music was forbidden. Though monodic church music was being written, it was clearly only an extension of the old manner where the 'music was not the servant, but the mistress of the words', and was in fact unlike the old-fashioned music solely in that it economised in the number of singers necessary for its performance. Only when the

music was separated from the liturgy was any secular feeling admitted. The Counter-Reformation had encouraged the popularisation of religion; and the new-born oratorio, as part of this movement, was, in both musical style and in manner of performance, operatic; but this had nothing to do with the settings of the various services of the church.

It is hardly surprising then, that when Monteverdi composed church music, even though it was more for performance in royal chapels and concert halls than for ordinary use in church, he should think in terms of a compromise between his already developed secular style, and the church-music tradition; and not only the old fashioned Mass setting, but also the much more modern Vespers movements published in 1610, are marked by various traditional restraints.

We usually think of sixteenth-century church music as being essentially austere—unaccompanied choral music—and the brilliance of the Monteverdi orchestra seems almost secular in itself. In fact the orchestra at this time was neutral ground between secular and church music. Even the smallest cities in Italy, such as Lucca and Bergamo, had at least one or two instrumentalists to play for solemn ceremonials, and the larger cities and courts had sometimes quite large bands. These were often hired by the church for the more important occasions, and it was a common sight to see both instruments and voices in the choir galleries. These players would equally be used at any great dramatic or musical entertainment of city or court. Seen against this background, it is not surprising that Monteverdi used for the Vespers much the same orchestra which he employed in his operas, and this in turn would be very like that which took part in the splendid festivals of Venice.

In other ways the spirit of compromise is more obviously conscious. In, for example, Monteverdi's setting of the psalm 'Domine ad adiuvandum' from the Vespers, both sacred and secular traditions are to be found. The choir chant rhythmically on one chord as in the manner of the old *falso bordone*; the orchestra, on the other hand, play the brilliant Toccata taken almost note for note from the beginning of 'Orfeo'. This piece, which for some reason Parry found cacophonous although it is mainly a reiteration of a single common chord, is in turn derived from those fanfares which summoned the audiences of the dramatic entertainments in the sixteenth century, fanfares which perhaps acted in the same way as the instruments summoning the faithful to the renewal of the action of a *Bühnenfestspiel* at Bayreuth. From time to

time a gentle refrain in a dance rhythm affords relief from this toccata, and this again might also be from 'Orfeo'.

The spirit of compromise is also to be found in the use of plainsong material in movements which are otherwise intensely dramatic and modern. Here Monteverdi was following precedent, for one of the first attempts at monodic church music had been a Mass by Viadana using plainsong. This in turn is a relic of the sixteenth century, for musicians were then taught the art of composition by inventing other parts around a given plainsong theme. Monteverdi was in this way adding the new style to the old usage, and while following the manner of lessons learned long ago in his youth, was able to display his mature humanism.

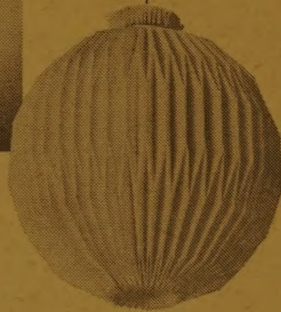
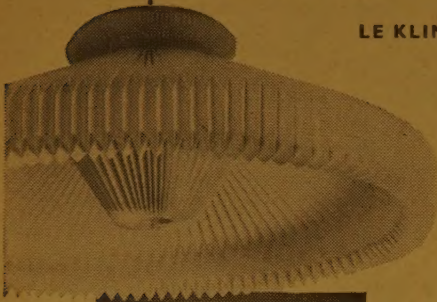
This mixture of elements is to be found in the great Magnificat and the famous 'Sonata sopra Sancta Maria'. The idea for this latter movement he had obtained from a minor composer of Ferrara called Crotti; and here it is the measure of the secularity of Monteverdi's style that a comparison between his sonata and that of Crotti reveals that Crotti's work seems in no way connected with the dance, whereas Monteverdi uses tunes which might well be part of an opera or perhaps a book of canzonets.

It is only when Monteverdi writes for solo voices that these traditional restraints disappear, and in the solos and duets he uses his purest operatic style. That these movements of the Vespers are highly ornate is not perhaps surprising, as many churches at this time employed *castrati* who delighted to show their skill by ornamenting whatever music they were singing, whether plainsong or a Palestrina motet. But Monteverdi goes much further than this and uses the most modern and expressive ornaments, such as the *trillo*—not a trill but a kind of sob on one note—which were very much part of the operatic repertoire.

These movements are certainly very far from the ideal of an impersonal church music, and express purely human emotions. They are the equivalent of the paintings in which some sixteenth-century artists painted their wives as Madonnas, and it is interesting to remember that while painters and sculptors have had increasingly fewer qualms in doing such things, it was only the greatest musicians who have ever made a success of the principle. But the outstanding church music of the last three centuries has been in this vein, and the Bach Passions and the Verdi Requiem are great enough to survive the attack of any purists who look longingly towards the more distant and (as they think) impersonal style of Palestrina.

FINMAR

LE KLINT SHADES

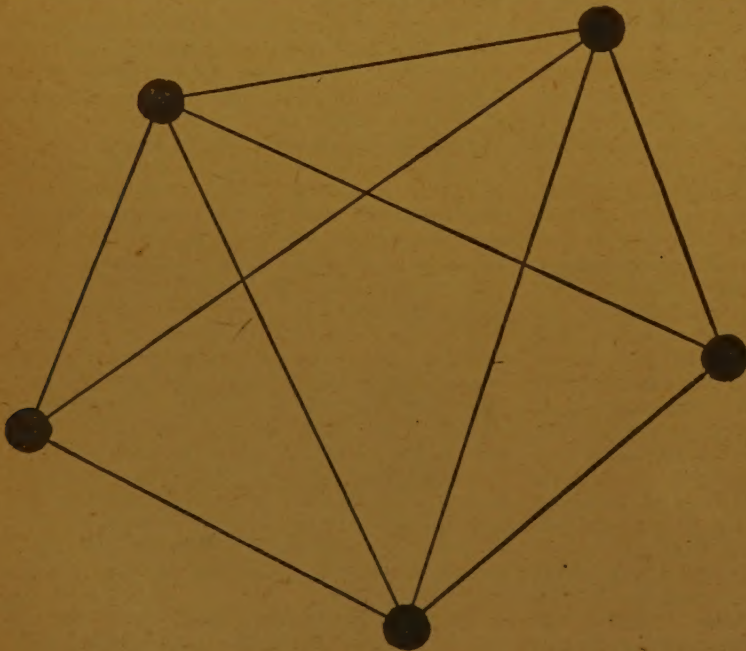


KNOWLES

... for warm lighting

Wholesale

FINMAR LTD. 12-16 HOLBEIN PLACE, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1



The **QUICKEST** way between two points is by

That's why journalists, businessmen, planters and poets, the boy in Basutoland, and the girl next door cable 'via Imperial'. You can send a cable from any of Britain's 13,000 Postal Telegraph Offices.

CABLE
via Imperial



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services



"If it hadn't been for him I should not have been provided for"

LIFE ASSURANCE PROVIDES FAMILY INCOMES WHEN MOST NEEDED



ASK THE MAN FROM THE Prudential



Thanks all the Same, Auntie



24M



21N

Combinations
21N £15.2.4
24N £23.11.8
36N £67.7.4
Deferred terms gladly arranged

"... It was kind of you to offer us that set of books from your library, but, to be frank, we want to start afresh... to build, book by book, a library that's us. Anne's so keen on this 'hand-picked' idea that she's already chosen a Minty Sectional Bookcase to take our first favourites! She chose a Minty because it's a craftsmen-built beauty with sliding plate-glass doors — and *not* one of those old-fashioned filing-cabinet types. The joy of it is, we can add new sections as our library grows. Perhaps we could meet in town one day and I'll take you along to Minty's — to see the next thrilling instalment of my sectional bookcase 'serial!'"

If you cannot call, write for full particulars to
MINTY LTD. (Dept. 248)
44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

MINTY

Showrooms
LONDON—123 Victoria Street, S.W.1
MANCHESTER—7-9 Royal Exchange Arcade
BIRMINGHAM—186-188 Corporation Street

For the Housewife

Taming the Swiss Roll

By PHYLLIS CRADOCK

AT last I have found out how to prevent Swiss rolls cracking when the finished sponge is rolled. Mine can now be rolled up when quite cold without any fear of cracking and, even more important, they keep fresh for up to seven days.

Take 2½ ounces of sifted self-raising flour, 3 small or 2 large eggs, and 4 ounces of castor sugar. Pre-heat your oven to puff-pastry temperature, thermostat 450, gas mark 8. Place the sugar in a little heap on greaseproof paper in the hot oven and bake for six minutes. Line a standard Swiss-roll tin with oiled greaseproof paper. Break the eggs into a basin, tip on the hot sugar, and whisk at once until the mixture trebles its size. Add the flour, and fold in with a well-scrubbed hand or spatula. Pour into the tin, making sure there is plenty in all four corners, and bake for six minutes at the same temperature—thermostat 450, gas mark 8.

Now lay a thick fold of newspaper on a flat surface, cover with greaseproof paper, dust this with castor sugar, and see you have a cake-rack handy, to stand the baked sponge on in the tin for one minute. Then loosen the edges with a knife, tip over on to the sugared paper and pare back the paper from the sponge's base. Cut off the edges lengthwise only, spread gently with warmed jam or jelly, and roll up; or wait until the sponge has cooled, spread with butter icing, and roll up: it still will not crack.

Listeners have asked how Melba Sauce is

made. It was invented by the great chef Escoffier as part of Peach Melba, which he created for the famous singer, Dame Nellie Melba. The covering is nothing but sweetened, sieved, fresh raspberries. But there are two worth-while substitutes. We all know how strawberries shrink in cooking, so when I make strawberry jam I strain off some of the surplus syrup and bottle it separately to use as fruit and ice-cream coating throughout the year. Till strawberry time comes round again there is another fruit syrup which is thoroughly enjoyable. Just thicken any sweetened fruit juice—either tinned or bottled—with potato flour or arrowroot which has been separately dissolved in a little cold water or wine. Pour this mixture straight on to the hot juice, add a little nut of butter and stir until the sauce is clear. Colour with any harmless vegetable colouring or with cochineal.

Another tricky problem for some people seems to be the shelling of soft-boiled eggs, which are so much nicer than hard-boiled eggs for sauces and salads. Boil them for four minutes. Plunge instantly into cold water. Crack the shells by patting gently, then hold each egg under slow-running cold water. Its gentle pressure between shell and firm egg-white eases the shell away as you peel it gradually.

Children like these soft-boiled eggs when they are stood on end in tiny tartlet cases. This done, slice just a fraction from the top of each egg. Invert a peeled, hollowed out tomato cup over

each, and scatter the finely chopped surplus egg white over the bright red surfaces. Yes, of course: 'edible toadstools'.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

SIR JOHN SLESSOR, G.C.B. (page 243): Marshal of the Royal Air Force; Chief of the Air Staff, 1950-1952; Commandant, Imperial Defence College, 1949; Member of Air Council, 1945-1947

W. F. KNAPP (page 245): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE (page 251): editor of *Punch*; Vice-President, Popular Television Association

LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER (page 252): Vice-President, Liberal Party Organisation; Chairman, National Television Council

DR. KENNETH OAKLEY (page 253): anthropologist and geologist; a Principal Scientific Officer in the British Museum (Natural History) in charge of Fossil Man; author of *Man, The Tool Maker*

C. E. RAVEN, D.D. (page 256): Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, 1939-1950; Canon of Ely, 1932-1940; Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge University, 1932-1950; author of *Natural Religion and Christian Theology*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,241. Wheels Within—IV. By Trochos

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 18

Working clockwise:

Outer circle: quotation from poetical work. (The first word is a contraction).

Third circle: the author's name (two words).

Centre circle: this is the same letter repeated.

Second circle: this contains only six vowels, in three sets of two, and there is no F or N.

All the clues are from works of verse or the Bible, except 40, which is from a Shakespearean play. All the answers (five letters each) are mixed, except 2.

CLUES

- And shut the — of mercy on mankind.
- For the — of sin is death.
- Worse than the sun in March, This praise doth nourish —.
- Nor did the wisest wizard — What would bechance at Lyonesse.
- Our birth is but a — and a forgetting.
- Uncertain, coy, and hard to — [Not soft.]
- And drunk delight of battle with my —.
- The cataracts blow their trumpets from the —.
- Or curb a runaway young star or two, Or wild — of a comet. [plural.]
- A man and his — make a man and his trade.
- They stretch and — and snuff the air, Then sit, to plan the night's affair.
- Though our tears Thaw not the — which binds so dear a head.
- What is this life, if full of care We have no time to stand and —.
- Has flung the stone which puts the — to flight.
- Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair, A — of golden hair?
- The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour, — the dread summits of Caesarian power.
- He shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the — on the left.
- Then in a wailful choir the small — mourn Among the river shallows
- The old seafaring men Came to me now and then, With their — of the seas.
- Where the blue lagoon is silent amid — of rotting trees.
- To sport with Amaryllis in the —.
- And there was mounting in hot —: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car.
- My heart —, and a drowsy numbness pains My sense
- When I have fears that I may — to be.
- Over the hills, and the —, and the hills, Over the lakes and the plains.
- Fields where the sheep from — pull the hay.
- And a breaking the hoops of butter —.

- Seel Seel (I cried) she — no more! Hither to work us weal.
- In reeking tube and iron —.
- Or climb his knees the envied kiss to —.
- A — of red and yellow stripe, To match with his coat of the self-same check.
- Happy the man, whos' wish and care A few paternal — bound.
- My blossomed pear-tree in the hedge — to the field.
- For he, by geometric —, Could take the size of pots of ale.
- Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirred! And we should — her with our plaint in vain!
- Spanish ships of war —! We have sighted fifty-three! [two words.]
- Thro' ilka bore the — were glancing.
- Beside a pumice isle in — bay. [Not I.]
- This — some strange eruption to our state.
- I am the — that must sweep the court clean of such filth.
- So far from any more pilfering deeds, He always seemed telling the Confessor's —.
- Fills the white and rustling sail And — the gallant mast.
- The bellman's drowsy charm, To — the doors from nightly harm.
- pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy.
- A bow-shot from her bower — He rode.
- And the — also, Whose little eyes glow, . . . be-friend thee.
- The noisy — that gabbled o'er the pool.

Solution of No. 1,239

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
T	H	R	A	P	S	T	R	I	A
R	O	E	S	T	E	L	A	E	N
A	S	C	E	R	T	A	I	N	G
I	T	R	E	A	T	I	S	E	G
L	E	E	R	S	L	N	E	A	R
S	L	A	T	H	E	R	A	R	T
L	I	N	A	G	R	E	S	T	E
A	S	T	I	R	A	N	M	I	S
M	I	T	R	E	P	A	T	E	S
I	T	I	M	B	E	R	E	S	U
N	E	R	E	I	S	D	A	T	U
G	D	E	N	T	E	X	P	L	E

Occid apologises for errors in the clues to his puzzle

Prizewinners: 1st prize: W. Watts (Westcliff-on-Sea); 2nd prize: E. G. Phillips (Bangor); 3rd prize: J. K. B. Illingworth (Crandall)

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Study at Home and Pass

Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894) can successfully prepare you by post for the **General Certificate of Education** (London, Oxf., Camb., Northern, and others): **London Univ. B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., LL.B. and B.D. Degrees; Ordination, Teaching, Law, Hospital Administration, Statistical, and other examinations; also in single subjects.** Courses are conducted by a staff of over 100 graduate tutors; students receive individual attention: tuition is continued free in the event of failure. Fees are moderate, deferred terms if desired. Over 22,000 Successes, 1930-1952. **PROSPECTUS** free from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE9.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Be a Master of English

You are judged by the way you speak and write.

Improve your English quickly by post—the Regent Institute way. Many students say that the moderate fee charged for the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made. The tuition is so planned that you make noticeable progress within a few hours.

Write today for a copy of

"WORD MASTERY"

—and a 15-Minute Test

Send a 2d. stamp today to The Regent Institute (Dept. Z/391), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for an interesting 15-Minute Test (with key) and "Word Mastery" (an informative prospectus).

C.H.A.



The holiday you'll remember

... spent midst lovely surroundings at home or abroad in one of 80 C.H.A. centres famed for their comfort and good companionship. Excursions arranged. Spend a trouble-free holiday with the C.H.A. Book early!

Send for illustrated Brochure.

C.H.A. (Dept. E)
BIRCH HEYS,
MANCHESTER, 14

TAKE UP PELMANISM

For All Times and Circumstances

PELMANISM has stood the test of time. During the last half-century in peace and war, in times of prosperity and of depression, it has helped and encouraged men and women in all the affairs of life. Now in these times of strenuous endeavour two facts stand out against a background of evidence—the increasing number of men and women who want to make a success of life, enrolling for the Pelman Course; the continued support of serving and ex-Servicemen members of H.M. Forces.

This increasing demand proves the value of Pelmanism. Minds under stress and strain are sorely in need of restful recreation and soothing stimulus. Pelmanism gives all this and more. It is the way to clear thinking and calm but determined action under all circumstances.

Pelmanism enables you to overcome such defects and failings as:

Worry	Frustration
Indecision	Forgetfulness
Depression	Mind-wandering

Reduced Fees for Her Majesty's Forces.

Pelmanism develops powers you never thought you possessed. It strengthens mental attributes which are valuable in every career and every aspect of living. It develops:

—Optimism	—Courage
—Concentration	—Reliability
—Self-Confidence	—Will-Power

The Pelman Course is fully described in "The Science of Success" which will be sent you, gratis and post free.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY

To the Pelman Institute, 82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1
"The Science of Success" please.

Name.....

Address.....

Established over 50 years.

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc. Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Home Study Courses

● U.C.C. provides courses of instruction for London University Entrance, and the Intermediate and Degree examinations, M.A., Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, and other Diplomas and Certificates. Tuition is also given for the General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Universities, and others, Teachers' Diplomas, Civil Service, Local Govt., Professional Prelim., Law, etc. The College, founded in 1887, is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors who are specialists in their subjects. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS of U.C.C. Courses to the Registrar,
56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

One of the oldest and soundest Societies
of medium size providing the most attractive
Investment and Mortgage facilities

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED 1848

RATE OF INTEREST TO ALL INVESTORS

2³/₄% NET
PER ANNUM

INCOME TAX PAID BY SOCIETY

Investments may be of any sum from £1 to £5,000.
Interest paid half-yearly. No charges; no depreciation of Capital; easy withdrawal. Prospectus sent on request.

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2

Tel. No: MONarch 8985

CLOSE YOUR INCOME GAP BY WRITING

Many people mean to take up writing—when they have the time. They keep putting it off and get nowhere. Are you one of these?

Nearly everyone who really tries can spare two or three hours a week on a profitable hobby and even at this rate much can be done in a year.

The market today is rapidly widening as the paper position improves. New publications are appearing—new avenues for free-lances.

The London School of Journalism was founded under the aegis of the great leaders of the Press and over a period of a third of a century has raised the level of personal coaching by correspondence to a height that draws praise from all parts of the world. Wherever you live you can study with the LSJ and if you are attracted to writing—Stories, Articles, Poetry, Radio Scripts, Television Plays, —Write now to the School for advice.

Thousands of writers all over the world have been coached by the LSJ and successes often begin at an early stage of a Course. You may send a MS. for a free opinion if you wish, but in any case you should obtain the attractive, world-famous booklet "Writing for the Press." It is free on application to:

Chief Secretary.

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

MUSEUM 4574

"There are LSJ students all over the world"

ABOLISH THE DIABOLICAL GIN TRAP!



Instrument of torture 1954

Forty million rabbits are tortured every year by means of the gin trap.

It was a Government Committee that recently described this same trap as "a diabolical instrument, causing an incalculable amount of suffering". Yet it remains legal, although many humane and effective alternatives exist.

Help the RSPCA in its campaign to abolish the "diabolical instrument" by sending a donation or a gift for sale to the Chief Secretary (Dept. L.), RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

REMEMBER THE RSPCA

YORK BOWEN



The Renowned
Pianist and
Composer

ONE OF
THE MANY
PIANISTS
USING

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 New Bond Street, London, W.1